

ALL
NEW
COMICS

Shadow COMICS

JULY • 1940

10¢
CENTS



HORATIO ALGER



IRON MUNRO



THE AVENGER



NICK CARTER



FLY A MODEL AIRPLANE
AND

WIN
\$25⁰⁰

OR
19 OTHER PRIZES

THE EDITOR'S PAGE

A Chat

All comics presented in **SHADOW COMICS** are tested for entertainment value in a way that no other comic has ever been tried out—they must prove their entertainment value in magazines, movies, books, newspapers before they are offered to you.

The Shadow is the world's leading half-hour daytime radio program. It's tops in movie serials, in fiction magazines, and in newspaper comic strips.

Horatio Alger, Jr., has written the favorite stories for American youths for many years—they are streamlined, modern episodes of average American youths.

The Three Musketeers: The world's greatest adventure stories presented in pictures.

Iron Munro: Written by one of the younger scientists of America, a graduate of Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and editor of a leading popular science magazine. It's all theoretically possible—it may happen in the future.

The Gadget Man, Nick Carter, The Avenger, Carrie Cashin and Bill Barnes have all been tested before being offered to you in pictures.

Last month our contest was for those who are detective-minded—who like to solve mysteries. Remember Carrie's conversation with Drucker? That proved that Richard Kenmore was without relatives. Therefore, the kidnaping was obviously a fake, a ruse to get Carrie off the trail. So, what would be more natural than for Richard Kenmore to be "High Jack." Prizes will be sent to winners shortly.

The Editor

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A detective produces the killer.

VOL. I, NO. 5 • JULY, 1940

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THE Shadow

A TREMENDOUS FIRE, FOURTH OF SUCH MIGHTY BLAZES, WIPES OUT ANOTHER SMALL CITY IN THE EAST. ARRIVING AT THE SCENE, THE SHADOW WATCHES FOR A THING REPORTED AT ALL THE PREVIOUS CONFLAGRATIONS. IT HAPPENS AGAIN---

HUMAN GHOULS DRAG LOOT FROM THE SMOLDERING RUINS AND FLEE ---



IT AIN'T THE COPS

OK. LET'S STOP AND GIVE 'EM THE WORKS

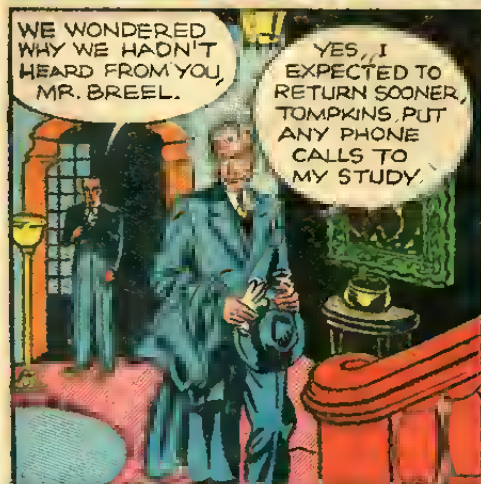
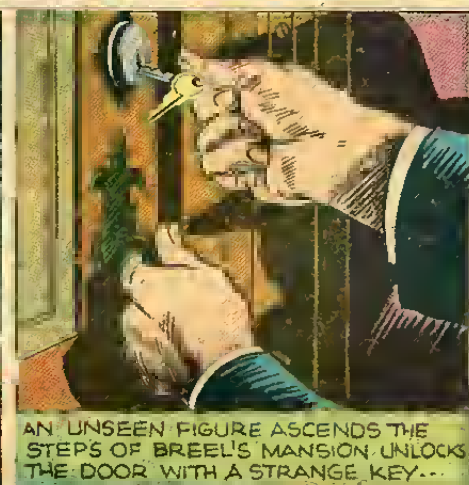
THE SHADOW!

IT'S ONLY JUNK. WE WAS PAID TO LUG IT AWAY..

BEHIND THIS FAKE ROBBERY LIES A REAL ONE. ONLY THE SHADOW CAN LIFT THE SHROUD OF MYSTERY.



ALONE, THE SHADOW REMOLDS THE FACE OF LAMONT CRANSTON INTO THAT OF THE MISSING INSURANCE MAGNATE, LINCOLN BREEL!!!

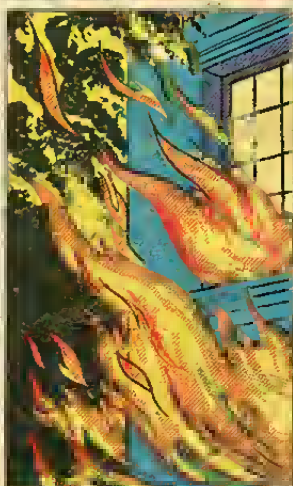




THE RING OF BREEL'S TELEPHONE TELLS THE SHADOW THAT HE IS TO HEAR FROM THE MASTER PLOTTER WHO TRAPPED HIM--

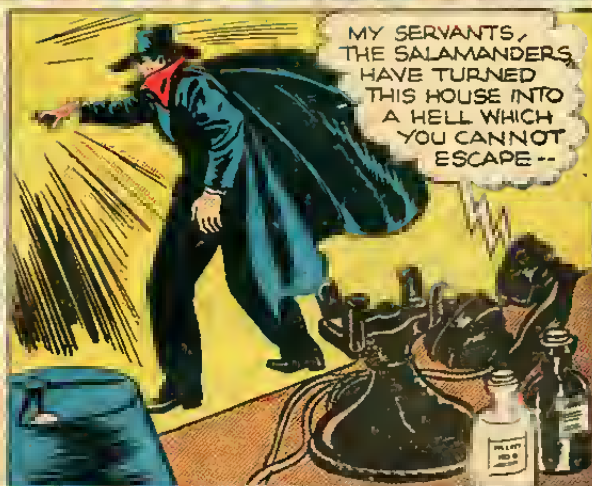


I AM HUXLEY DRUNE, MASTER OF THE SALAMANDERS. I MURDERED BREEL TWO WEEKS AGO. THEREFORE, I KNOW THAT YOU MUST BE THE SHADOW----

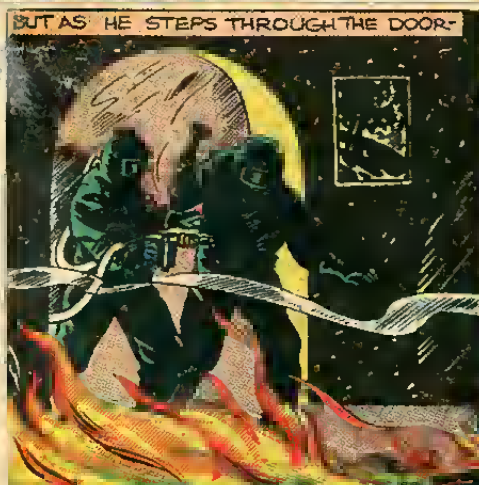


AS DRUNE SPEAKS, MIGHTY FLAMES BURST FROM BREEL'S MANSION

HEARING THE ROAR OF FIRE, THE SHADOW MIXES TWO CHEMICAL POWDERS, HURLS THEM AT THE DOOR AND BLASTS IT!



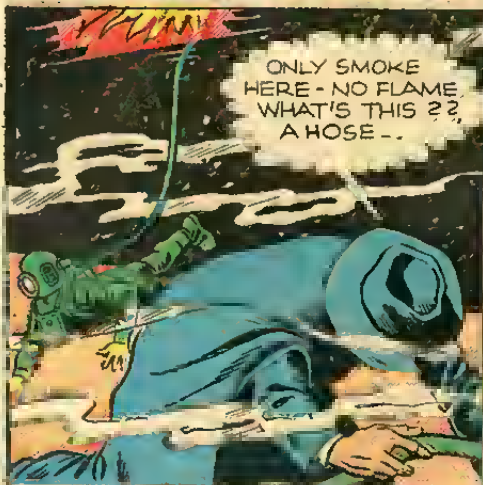
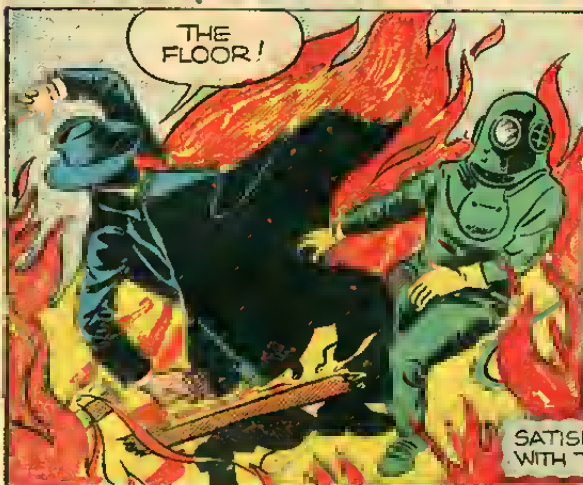
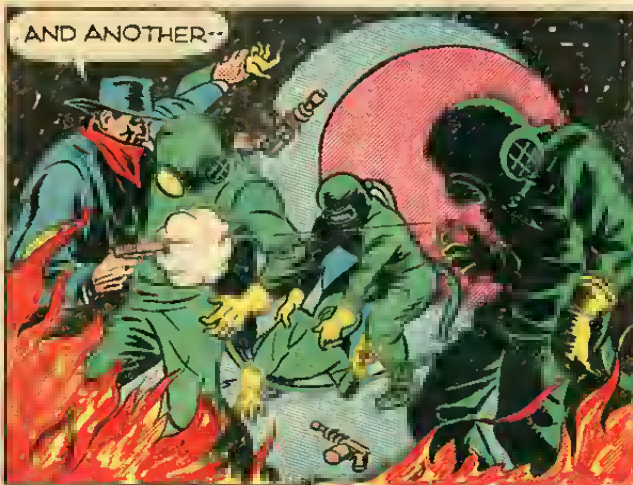
MY SERVANTS, THE SALAMANDERS, HAVE TURNED THIS HOUSE INTO A HELL WHICH YOU CANNOT ESCAPE--



BUT AS HE STEPS THROUGH THE DOOR--

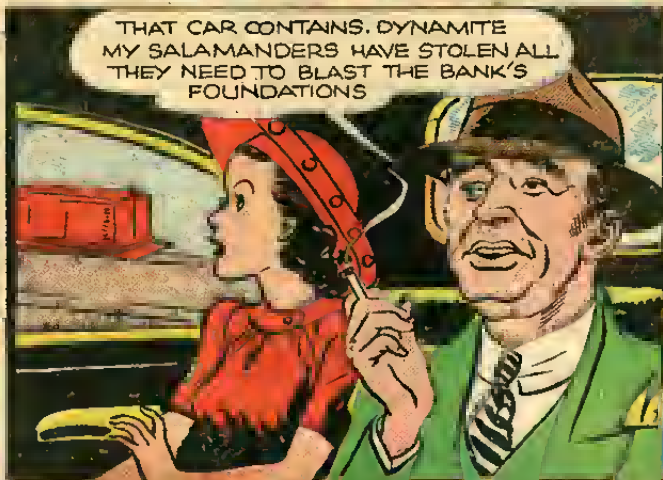
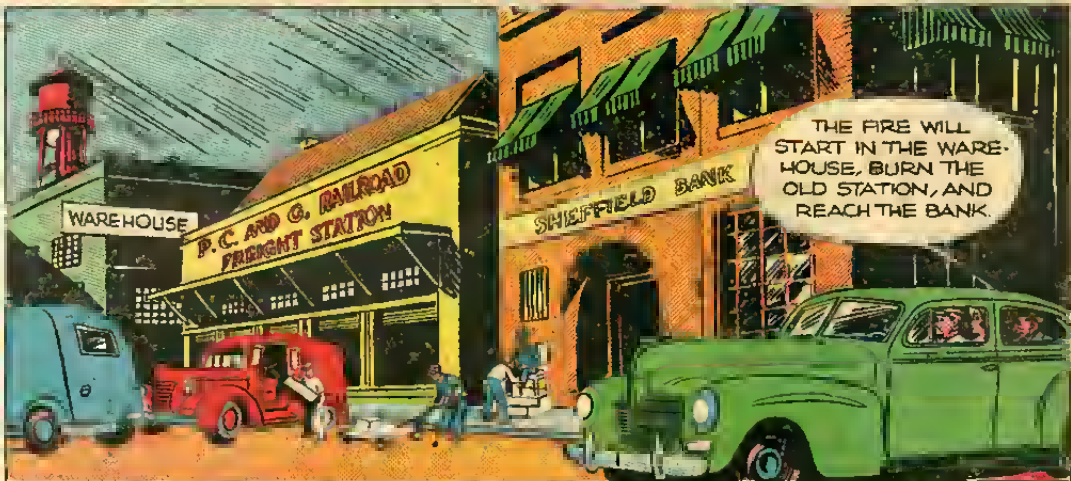
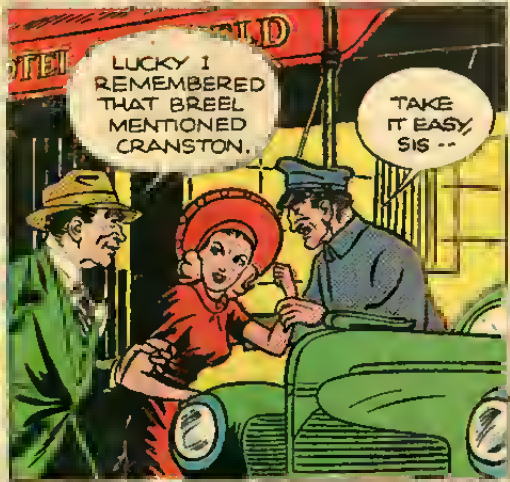
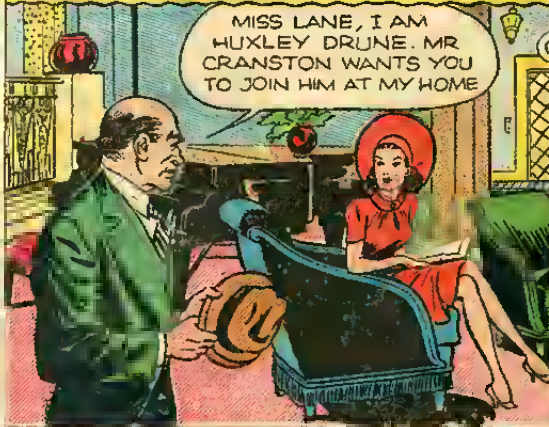


DRUNE'S SERVANTS THE SALAMANDERS HAVE COME FROM THE CELLAR WHERE THEY STARTED THE FIRE. WEARING ASBESTOS DIVING SUITS INFLATED WITH COOLED AIR THEY ATTACK THE SHADOW WITH MURDEROUS BLOW-TORCHES!!



GUIDED BY THE ASBESTOS HOSE, THE SHADOW REACHES THE EXIT USED BY THE SALAMANDERS, HALF A BLOCK AWAY.

IN THE TOWN OF SHEFFIELD, MARGOT LANE RECEIVES AN UNEXPECTED CALLER AT THE HOTEL



THE
SHADOW,
ARRIVING
IN
SHEFFIELD
ON THE
LIMIT,
FINDS
COMMOTION
STARTING

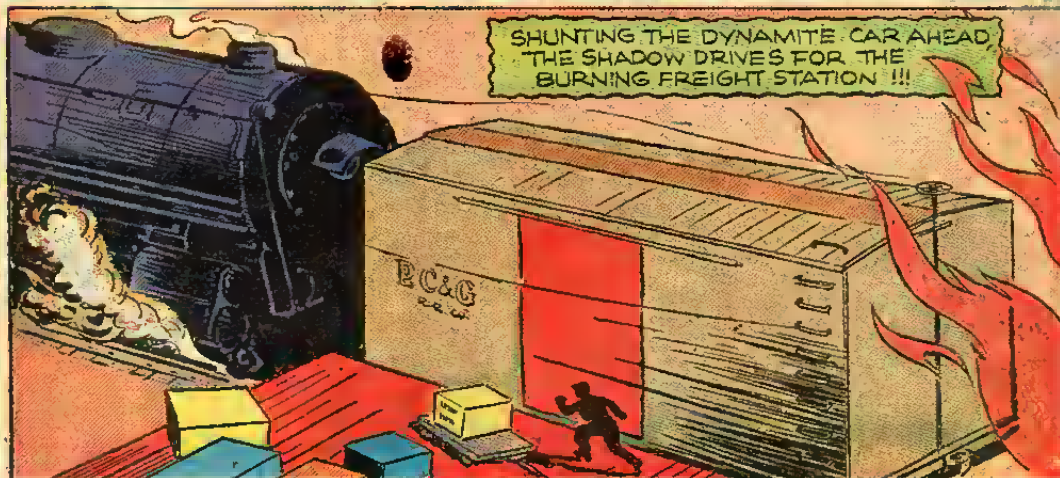
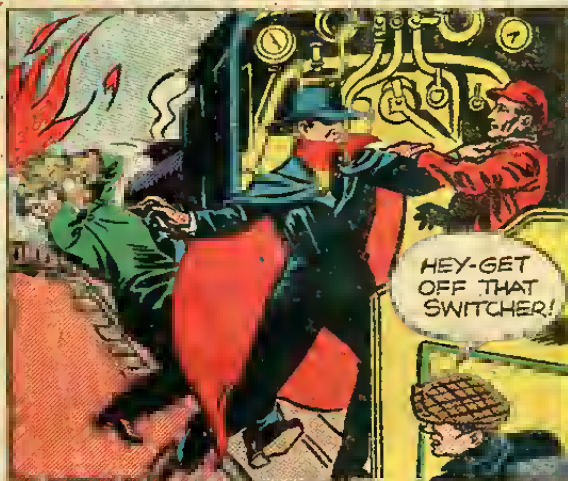


THE OIL-FILLED WATER TANK
SPURTS GALLONS OF FUEL
ON THE BREEZE-SWEPT FLAMES

THE OLD FREIGHT
STATION IS TINDER



THE BLAZE
IS BLOWING
STRAIGHT FOR
THE BANK!



SHUNTED
AHEAD, THE
DYNAMITE
CAR BLASTS
THE OLD
FREIGHT
STATION,
LITERALLY
HURLING
BACK THE
FLAMES
FROM THE
BANK !!!



DROPPING THROUGH TORN FOUNDATIONS
OF THE OLD FREIGHT STATION, THE SHADOW



MEETS THE SALAMANDERS RETURNING



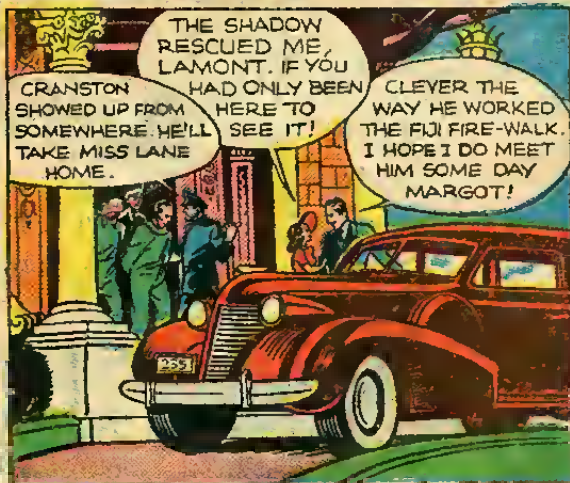
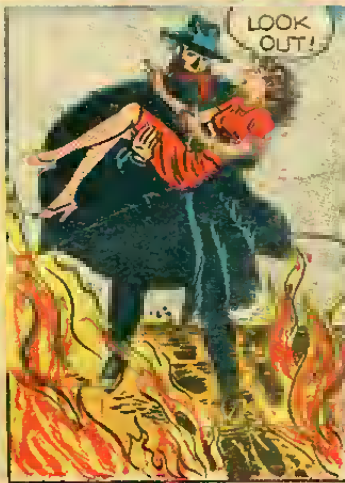
WHOEVER HE WAS, HE
FIXED THEM, ALRIGHT.

THERE HE GOES --
OUT UNDERNEATH
THE WAREHOUSE

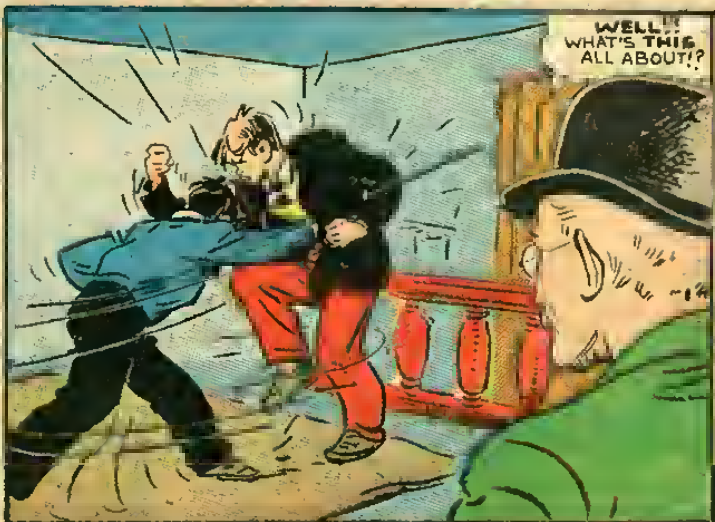
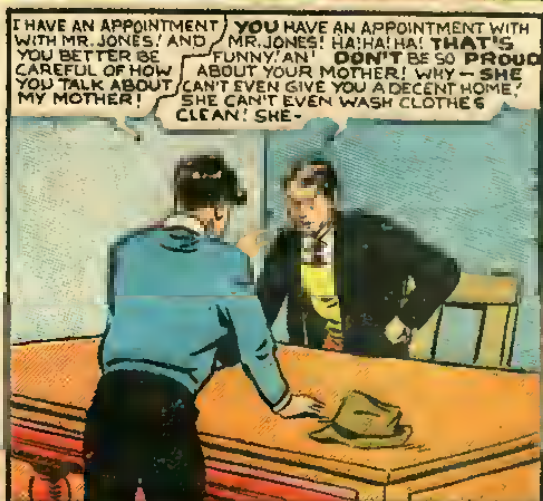
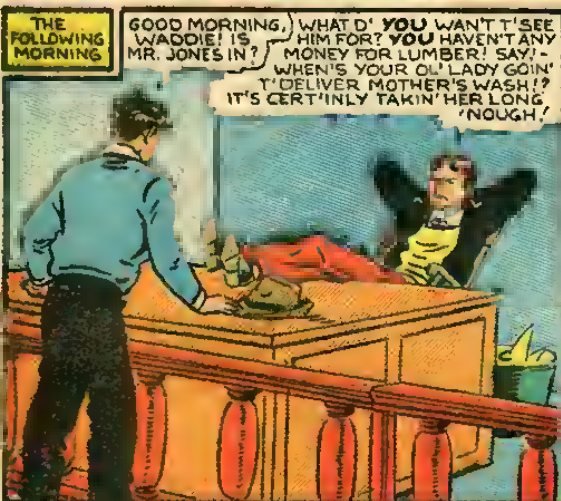
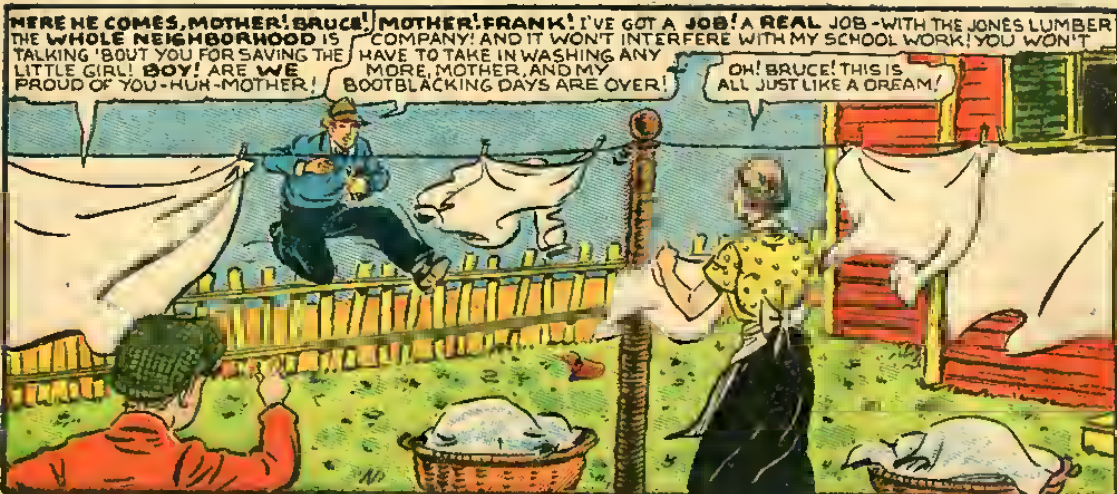


TAKE ME TO
DRUNE'S





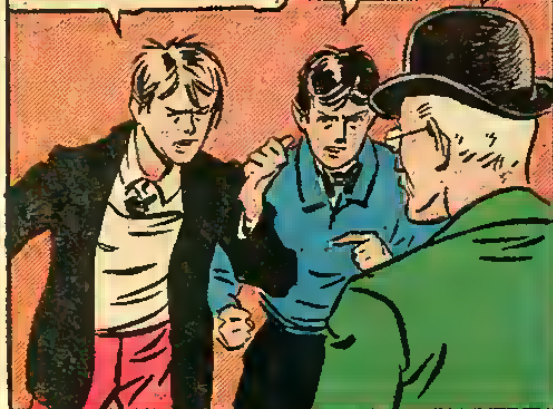
The weed of crime bears bitter fruit



OH, MR. JONES! YOU'RE JUST IN TIME! THIS PAUPER WOULDN'T BELIEVE YOU WERE OUT-AN' STRUCK ME WHEN I TRIED TO STOP HIM FROM FORCIN' HIS WAY INTO YOUR OFFICE!

THAT'S A LIE, SIR! I STRUCK HIM FOR HIS INSULTING REMARKS ABOUT MY MOTHER!

COME INTO MY OTHER OFFICE, BRUCE!



BRUCE, ALTHOUGH I'VE KNOWN YOU ONLY A FEW HOURS - I CANNOT IMAGINE YOU AS FITTING IN WITH WADDIE'S STORY!

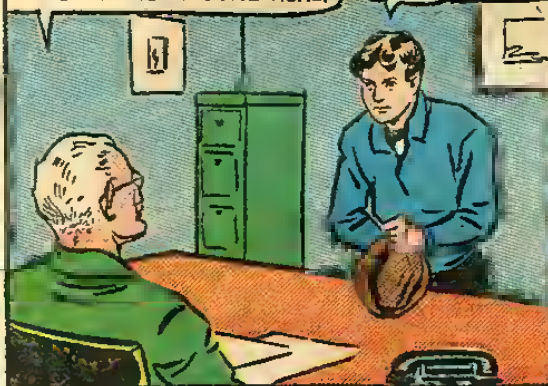
THANK YOU, SIR! HE CERTAINLY IS VERY QUICK IN FABRICATION! THE TROUBLE REALLY BEGAN THIS WAY -



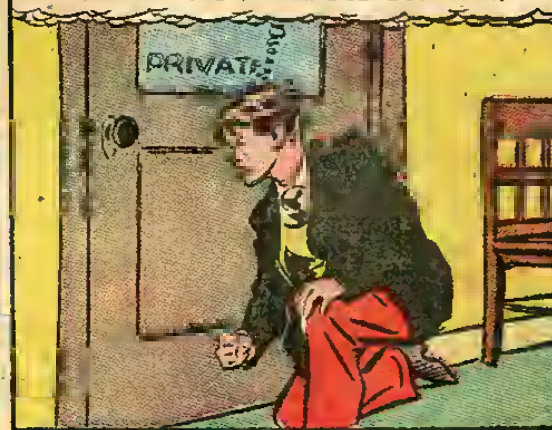
AFTER HEARING BRUCE'S EXPLANATION OF THE TROUBLE, MR JONES IS CONVINCED THAT WADDIE, AS AN EMPLOYEE, WILL HENCE-FORTH BEAR WATCHING - AND -

BY THE WAY, THE PRINCIPAL OF YOUR HIGH SCHOOL, A FRIEND OF MINE, HAS SPOKEN VERY HIGHLY OF YOU, BRUCE! YOU ARE SO DIFFERENT FROM WADDIE! I CERTAINLY SHALL FEEL SAFE IN GIVING YOU RESPONSIBLE ASSIGNMENTS AROUND HERE!

THANK YOU, MR. JONES! AND I SHALL DO MY BEST TO JUSTIFY YOUR FAITH IN ME!



SO! I'M A LIAR - AM I! THAT BEGGAR'S WORD'S BETTER'N MINE - IS IT! ME - A GENTLEMAN'S SON! AN' HE'S T' GET RESPONSIBLE ASSIGNMENTS - FOR WHICH I'M NOT GOOD 'NOUGH! WE'LL SEE 'BOUT THAT!

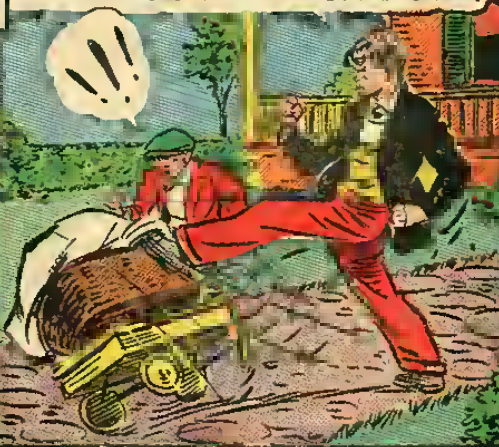


EARLY EVENING - WADDIE WIMPLETON - INCENSED BY HIS INCREASING HATRED FOR BRUCE - SEES HIS CHANCE FOR REVENGE AS BRUCE'S BROTHER IS ABOUT TO DELIVER THE WIMPLETON WASH

IT'S ABOUT TIME YOUR OL' LADY FINISHED OUR WASH! AND WHAT TERRIBLE WORK! TAKE IT BACK! WE ONLY USE CLEAN CLOTHES HERE - AND -



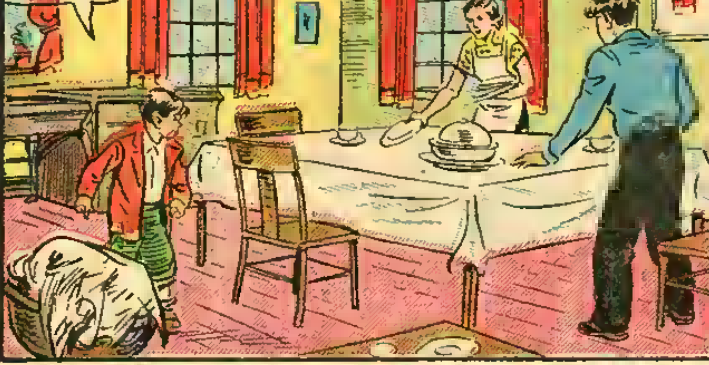
WHY! YOU-LITTLE-BEGGAR! TALKIN' T' ME THAT WAY!! MAYBE THIS'LL MAKE Y' TAKE THAT WASH BACK! Y'LITTLE GUTTERSNIPE!



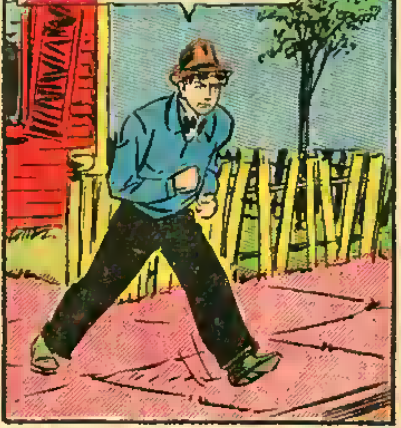
AND WHEN I TOLD HIM TO RESPECT YOU, HE KICKED IT OVER! I WISH I WERE BIGGER! I'D FIX HIM!

IT'S ALL RIGHT, DEAR! NOW THAT BRUCE HAS A REAL JOB, I'M NOT TAKING IN ANY MORE WASH WORK ANYWAY!

YOU BET YOU'RE NOT, MOTHER! SAY! YOU TWO JUST FORGET THAT WASH- AND GO TO A MOVIE! I'LL GO FOR A LITTLE WALK - MUST BE BACK EARLY - HAVE A LOT OF STUDYING TO DO!



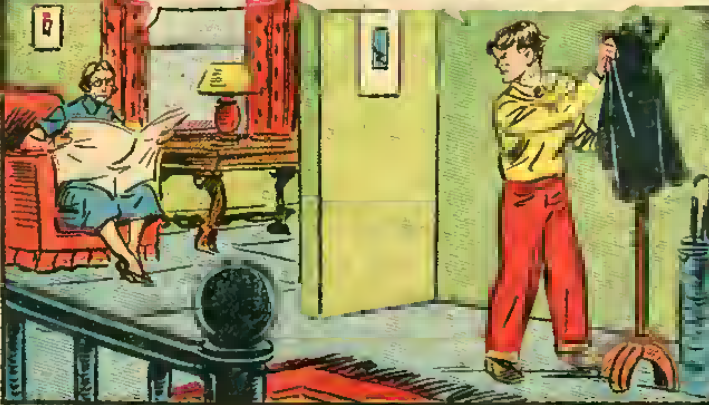
HE USUALLY SPENDS HIS EVENINGS AT MARTY'S POOL ROOM! AND THAT WILL BE FAR MORE APPROPRIATE THAN MR. JONES'S OFFICE WAS!



MEANWHILE - IN THE WIMPLETON HOME

I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHAT'S DELAYING THAT STUPID MRS. WALLACE WITH MY WASH!

WHY DON'T Y' FIRE HER, MOTHER? AND GET YOUR FRIENDS T' DO LIKEWISE! SHE'S NOT WORTH BOTHERIN' WITH! WELL, I'VE GOT A DATE WITH FREDDY - SEE YOU LATER!



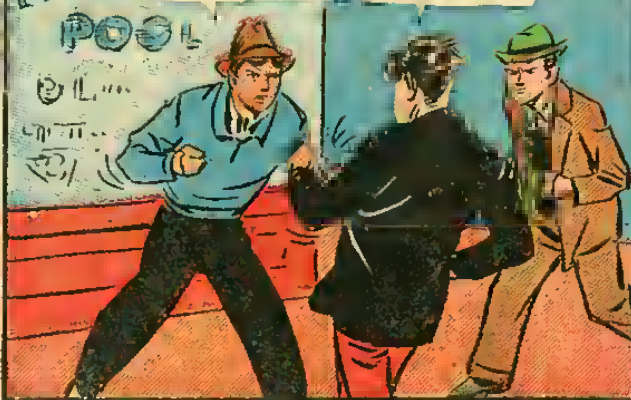
WELL - WHERE'LL WE GO, FREDDY? OH - MARTY'S - AS USUAL - I S'POSE -

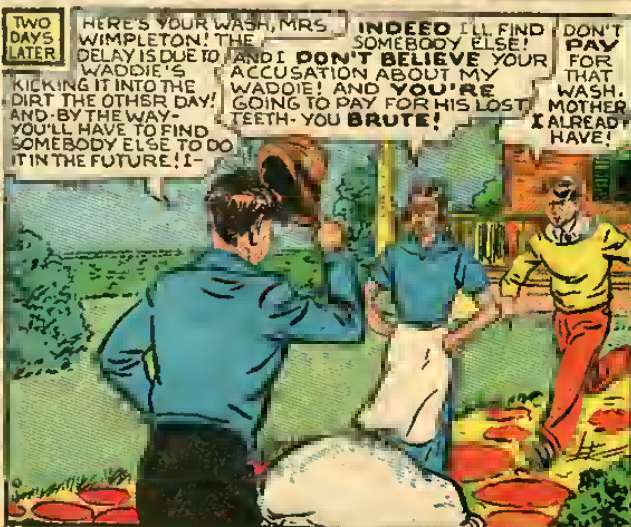
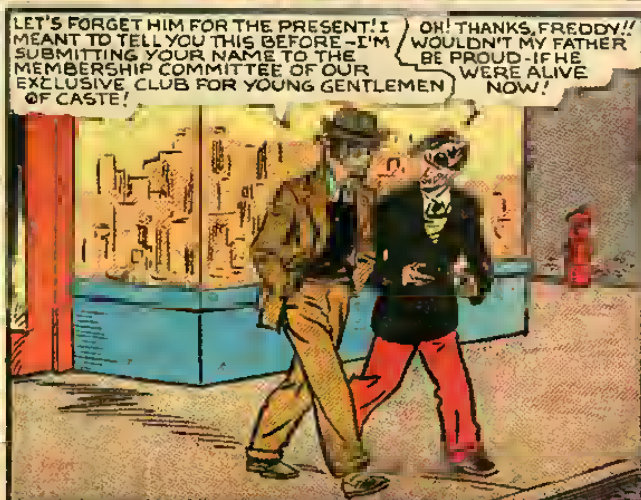
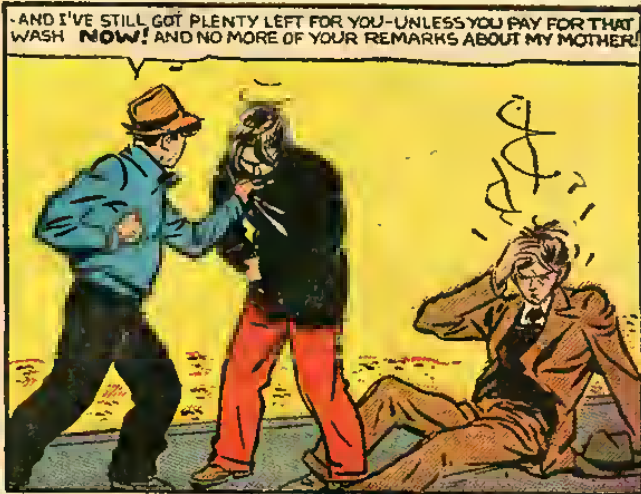


MARTY POOL

BEFORE YOU GO IN THERE, YOU'RE GOING TO PAY ME FOR THAT WASH YOU KICKED OVER!

OUTA MY WAY - YOU BEGGAR! YOU JOB - 'SWIPIN' PAUPER! COME ON, FREDDY, HE NEEDS A LESSON!





-AND I'VE STILL GOT PLENTY LEFT FOR YOU-UNLESS YOU PAY FOR THAT WASH **NOW!** AND NO MORE OF YOUR REMARKS ABOUT MY MOTHER!

I'LL GET HIM YET! SOMEWAY! SOMEHOW! HE'LL PAY FOR THIS!
AN' **NOW** HE'LL PAY!

LET'S FORGET HIM FOR THE PRESENT! I MEANT TO TELL YOU THIS BEFORE-I'M SUBMITTING YOUR NAME TO THE MEMBERSHIP COMMITTEE OF OUR EXCLUSIVE CLUB FOR YOUNG GENTLEMEN OF CASTE!
OH! THANKS, FREDDY!! I WOULDN'T MY FATHER BE PROUD-IF HE WERE ALIVE NOW!

TWO DAYS LATER
HERE'S YOUR WASH, MRS WIMPLETON! THE DELAY IS DUE TO WADDIE'S KICKING IT INTO THE DIRT THE OTHER DAY! AND-BY THE WAY-YOU'LL HAVE TO FIND SOMEBODY ELSE TO DO IT IN THE FUTURE!
INDEED I'LL FIND SOMEBODY ELSE! I DON'T BELIEVE YOUR ACCUSATION ABOUT MY WADDIE! AND YOU'RE GOING TO PAY FOR HIS LOST TEETH-YOU BRUTE!
DON'T PAY FOR THAT WASH, MOTHER I'VE ALREADY HAVE!

IT WAS WASHED WADDIE! GO TAKE IT TWICE- SO YOU'LL FROM HIM- PAY TWICE- BY FORCE OR YOU DON'T GET IT!
OH! MY TEETH! MY TEETH! O-O-OH!

VERY WELL! IF YOU NEED THE MONEY **THAT** BADLY—HERE IT IS! NOW GET OFF THE PROPERTY!

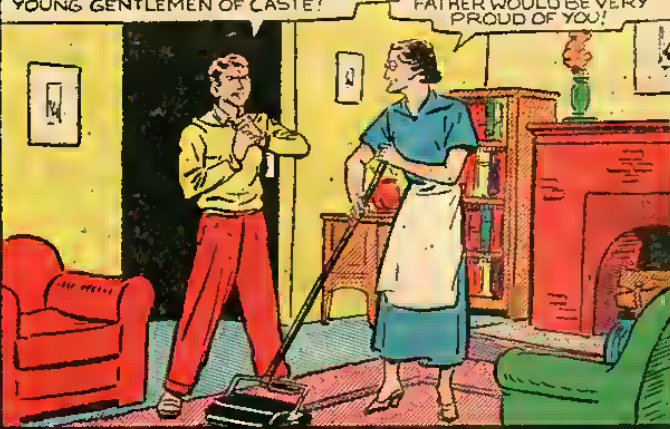
THANK YOU! WITH PLEASURE! MRS. WIMPLETON!



LATER

MOTHER! FREDDY HAS SUBMITTED MY NAME TO THE MEMBERSHIP COMMITTEE OF AN EXCLUSIVE CLUB FOR YOUNG GENTLEMEN OF CASTE!

OH! HOW **NOBLE** OF FREDDY! AND HOW BEFITTING TO **YOU**, MY DEAR! YOUR FATHER WOULD BE VERY PROUD OF YOU!



YES! ISN'T IT **WONDERFUL**, MOTHER! AND ALL I'LL NEED FOR THE INITIATION IS **TWENTY DOLLARS!** JUST THINK, I—

TWENTY DOLLARS!

WADDIE! WHERE ARE WE GOING TO GET **THAT** AMOUNT? WITH THE MORTGAGE DUE—THE GROCER DEMANDING PAYMENT—

WITH HIS PROSPECT OF MEMBERSHIP FAJING BECAUSE OF FINANCIAL CIRCUMSTANCES—WADDIE SEEKS THE ADVICE OF FREDDY —

TWENTY DOLLARS ISN'T SO MUCH TO GET—SPECIALLY WHEN IT'S **SO HANDY**—IN JONES'S OFFICE—

BUT THAT WOULD BE STEALIN', FREDDY! AFTER ALL—WE ARE **GENTLEMEN OF CASTE**—AN'—



LISTEN! THE END JUSTIFIES THE MEANS! ALL I'M THINKIN' OF IN REGARDS TO THAT OFFICE IS—SQUARIN' THINGS UP WITH BRUCE—THE BEGGAR!

S-A-Y! THAT **DOES** CHANGE THINGS, DOESN'T IT! AN' **HOW** WE'LL FRAME HIM! HE **BELONGS** IN JAIL—ANYWAY!

WHY! IT'S A **PERFECT** SET-UP! BOY! YOU'VE GOT A HEAD ON YOUR SHOULDERS!

FORGET IT! JUST GET THE MONEY OUT—AND THAT GUY IN—JAIL!





THE FOLLOWING EVENING

SWEET! THE BEGGAR IS WORKIN' OVER-TIME - ALONE!

NOW - IF THIS PLANK WILL ONLY MAKE ENOUGH NOISE TO DRAW HIM FROM THE OFFICE -



AND - WHILE BRUCE HAS LEFT TO INVESTIGATE -

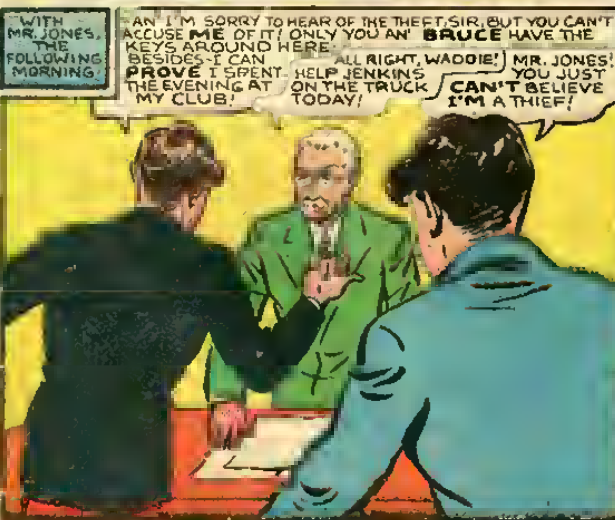
PRIDE IN REFERENCE TO THEIR 'CLEVERNESS' IN DRAWING BRUCE FROM THE OFFICE - GRATIFICATION IN THEIR DESIRE FOR REVENGE - AND JOYFUL ANTICIPATION OF BRUCE'S PROBABLE RESULTANT JAIL SENTENCE ARE MOMENTARILY FORGOTTEN BY FREDDY AND WADDIE ON THEIR ARRIVAL AT THE CLUB FOR THE BUSINESS OF INDUCTING WADDIE AS A MEMBER -



AN' HERE'S THE MONEY FOR MY MEMBERSHIP, MR. PRESIDENT -

TWENTY DOLLARS! THAT'S RIGHT! THANK YOU, MR. WIMPLETON! YOU ARE NOW A FIRST DEGREE MEMBER OF THE EXCLUSIVE CLUB FOR YOUNG GENTLEMEN OF CASTE!

CONGRATULATIONS, MR. WIMPLETON!



WITH MR. JONES, THE FOLLOWING MORNING -

AN' I'M SORRY TO HEAR OF THE THEFT, SIR, BUT YOU CAN'T ACCUSE ME OF IT! ONLY YOU AN' BRUCE HAVE THE KEYS AROUND HERE - BESIDES - I CAN PROVE I SPENT THE EVENING AT MY CLUB!

ALL RIGHT, WADDIE! MR. JONES! YOU JUST HELP JENKINS ON THE TRUCK TODAY! CAN'T BELIEVE I'M A THIEF!



I'M NOT ACCUSING YOU, BRUCE! BUT SOMEONE AROUND HERE IS GUILTY!

YES, SIR! AND I THINK WE'LL KNOW WHO IT IS - BEFORE THE DAY ENDS!

HAVING TOLD MR. JONES OF THE INTERRUPTION AT WORK THE PREVIOUS EVENING - BRUCE CONTINUES -

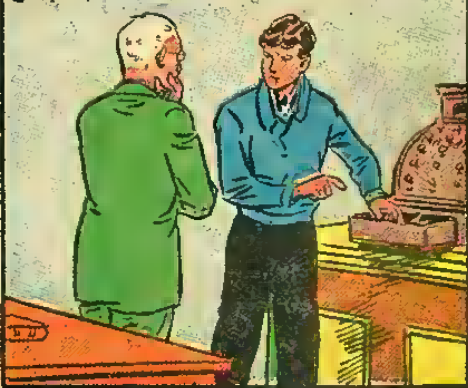
"EARLIER IN THE EVENING, SIR, WHILE COUNTING THE MONEY, I DETECTED A VERY CRUDELY COUNTERFEITED TWENTY DOLLAR BILL - AND CAN'T UNDERSTAND HOW IT WAS ACCEPTED HERE! I -

IT WAS PROBABLY PASSED WHEN I WAS AWAY AND YOU WERE AT SCHOOL - BUT GO ON WITH YOUR STORY, BRUCE -

STORY
183411
105

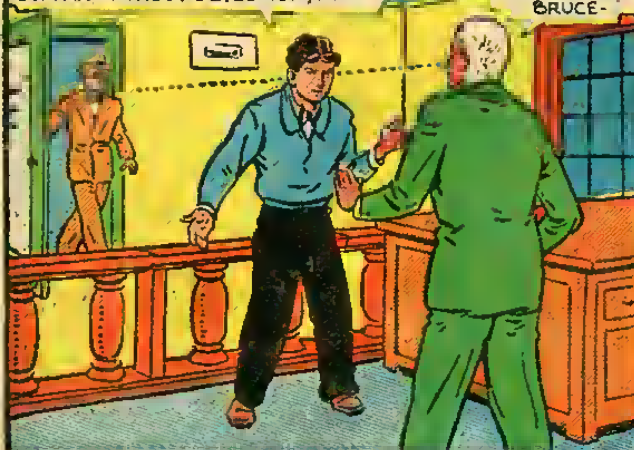


"I PLACED THAT BILL ON TOP OF THE OTHERS - WITH THE INTENTION OF SHOWING IT TO YOU THIS MORNING! BUT ON LEARNING OF THE THEFT, I DECIDED ON SILENCE ABOUT IT UNTIL WADDIE LEFT -



"THE BILL IS SO CRUDELY MADE THAT IT SIMPLY CAN'T GET FAR WITHOUT DETECTION, AND -

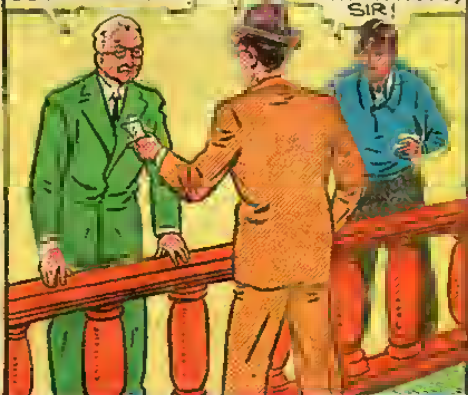
JUST A MOMENT, BRUCE -



NO, MR. WIMPLETON! WHY - YES! JUST TELL HIM THAT ISN'T HERE RIGHT NOW - AND WON'T BE FOR SEVERAL HOURS! ANYTHING I CAN DO FOR YOU?

WE CAN'T ACCEPT THIS COUNTERFEIT TWENTY DOLLAR BILL AT OUR CLUB!

WITH PLEASURE, SIR!



WADDIE HAS A LITTLE SURPRISE AWAITING HIM - YES, AND IT WON'T BE A VERY PLEASANT ONE EITHER! HE DOESN'T DESERVE LENIENCY, AND AS FOR YOU, YOUNG MAN,



I'M COMPELLING YOU TO ACCEPT AN INCREASE IN SALARY - EFFECTIVE IMMEDIATELY - AND YOU CAN BLAME YOUR KEEN OBSERVATION AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE FOR IT!

OH! THANK YOU, SIR! NOW MOTHER AND FRANK CAN REALLY BE COMFORTABLE - AND I CAN START SAVING FOR COLLEGE!



LATER - UNABLE TO FIND EMPLOYMENT ANYWHERE, WADDIE AND HIS MOTHER HAVE LOST THEIR HOME AND ARE NOW LIVING ON EARNINGS AS A WASHLADY

DON'T MISS THE NEXT ALGER BOY STORY TO APPEAR IN
SHADOW COMICS

The Three Musketeers

VISUALIZING THE STORY BY
ALEXANDRE DUMAS

D'ARTAGNAN, NO SOONER ARRIVED IN PARIS THAN CIRCUMSTANCES LED TO A DUEL AMONG ELEVEN MEN. WHAT FOLLOWED GAINED FOR D'ARTAGNAN 3 THINGS: 3 STAUNCH FRIENDS, THE CARDINAL'S HATRED AND THE REPUTATION AS FRANCE'S GREATEST SWORDSMAN. ONE WEEK LATER A KNOCK SOUNDS ON HIS DOOR

I BEG YOUR PARDON, M'SIEUR, BUT I AM DISTRACTED! I AM ONLY YOUR LANDLORD BUT YOU ARE A MAN OF THE SWORD—MY SISTER CONSTANCE HAS BEEN KIDNAPED!

DIABLE! I'VE GOT ADVENTURE HERE! MY GOOD FELLOW TELL ME ALL!

MY SISTER IS SEAMSTRESS TO THE QUEEN, AND HER CONFIDANTE... THE POOR PERSECUTED QUEEN BELIEVES THAT THE CARDINAL'S AGENTS HAVE WRITTEN TO HER FORMER SUITOR, THE ENGLISH DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM, IN THE HOPE OF LURING HIM TO FRANCE AND CAPTURE!

BUT WHAT HAS YOUR SISTER TO DO WITH ALL THIS?

HER DEVOTION TO THE QUEEN IS KNOWN—PERHAPS THEY WISH TO LEARN HER MAJESTY'S SECRETS THROUGH HER! MON DIEU, I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO! THEN THERE IS THIS LETTER I RECEIVED THIS MORNING!

LET'S SEE!

Do not look for your sister, she shall be restored to you when she is no longer wanted. Take any steps to find her and you are lost!!

I SHALL HELP YOU, REASSURE YOURSELF! NOW, BONA-CIEUX, EVEN THOUGH BEHIND IN MY RENT—ONE DOES GET THIRSTY...

IMMEDIATELY, MONSIEUR, THE BEST WINE IN MY CELLAR! THANK YOU! THANK YOU!

THE NEXT DAY D'ARTAGNAN HEARS THE NOISES OF A STRUGGLE IN THE FLOOR BELOW. HE LIFTS UP A LOOSE FLOOR BOARD CAUTIOUSLY AND LOOKS INTO THE FLOOR BELOW

OH! THEY ARREST M. BONACIEUX! SHALL I INTERFERE? NO, LET US WATCH!



PLANCHET, D'ARTAGNAN'S NEWLY ACQUIRED LACKEY, CALLS EXCITEDLY...

MASTER! THEY HAVE JUST SEIZED A WOMAN, MME. BONACIEUX!



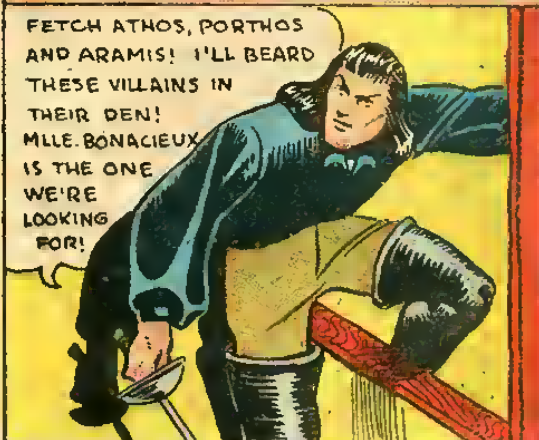
DURING THE NEXT WEEK THE BONACIEUX HOUSEHOLD WAS TURNED INTO A "MOUSETRAP." A "MOUSETRAP" WORKS SOMETHING LIKE THIS - AN INDIVIDUAL IS ARRESTED AND HIS ARREST IS KEPT SECRET. FOUR OR FIVE MEN ARE PLACED IN AMBUSH. WHEN THE DOOR IS OPENED TO EVERYONE WHO KNOCKS AND THEN CLOSED UPON THEM. THUS IN A FEW DAYS ALL FAMILIARS OF THE HOUSEHOLD ARE CAUGHT.

DURING THIS WEEK EITHER D'ARTAGNAN OR PLANCHET, HIS LACKEY, WATCHED THROUGH THE DEEP HOLE IN THE FLOOR



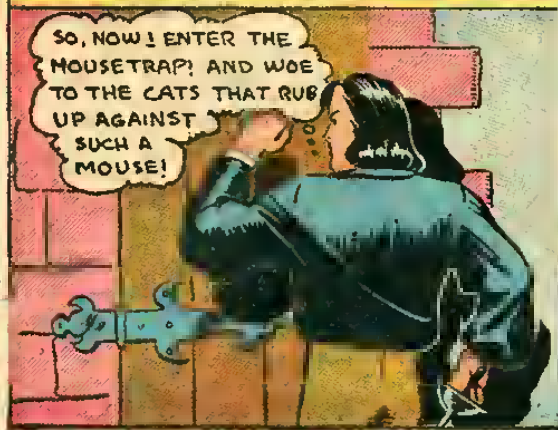
D'ARTAGNAN DASHES TO THE WINDOW

FETCH ATHOS, PORTHOS AND ARAMIS! I'LL BEARD THESE VILLAINS IN THEIR DEN! MME. BONACIEUX IS THE ONE WE'RE LOOKING FOR!



CLIMBING DOWN FROM THE SECOND STORY D'ARTAGNAN KNOCKS ON THE DOOR

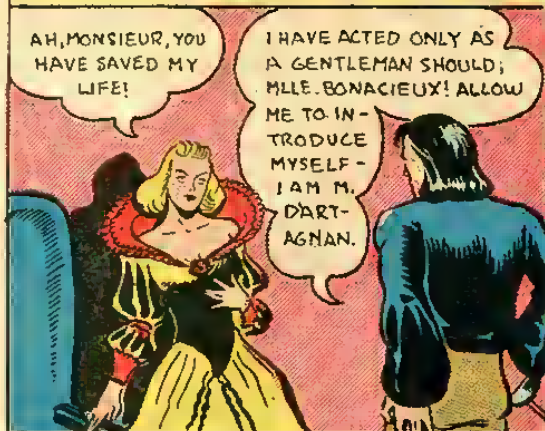
SO, NOW! ENTER THE MOUSETRAP! AND WOE TO THE CATS THAT RUB UP AGAINST SUCH A MOUSE!



THE DOOR OPENS AND D'ARTAGNAN BOUNDS IN! THE NEXT FEW MINUTES THE DOOR OF THE MOUSETRAP BULGES ON ITS HINGES - CURSES AND SCREAMS POURING OUT! THEN...



INSIDE - THE CONQUEROR SURVEYS THE
RESCUED DAMSEL



AH, MONSIEUR, YOU
HAVE SAVED MY
LIFE!

I HAVE ACTED ONLY AS
A GENTLEMAN SHOULD;
Mlle. BONACIEUX! ALLOW
ME TO IN-
TRODUCE
MYSELF -
I AM M.
DART-
AGNAN.

YOU KNOW
MY NAME?

AND YOUR STORY... AND
YOUR FACE DEAR, CON-
STANCE THROUGH ENDLESS
DREAMS...

BUT TELL ME, SWEET
CONSTANCE, HAS
BUCKINGHAM YET
ARRIVED IN PARIS?



YOU KNOW ALL
THEN! OH! I AM
LOST!

NO, CONSTANCE, UNLESS
THE SWORD ARM OF ONE
WHO LOVES YOU MEANS
NOTHING!

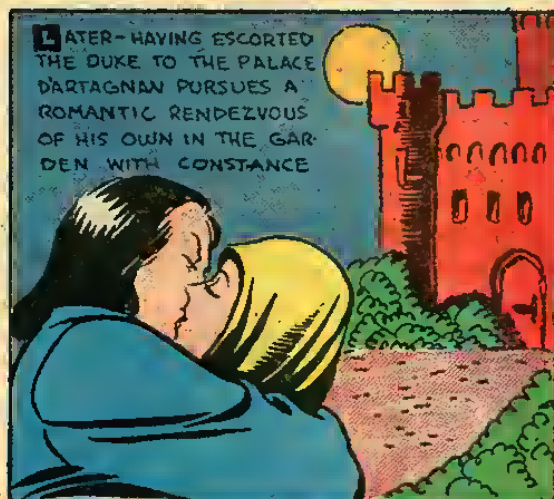


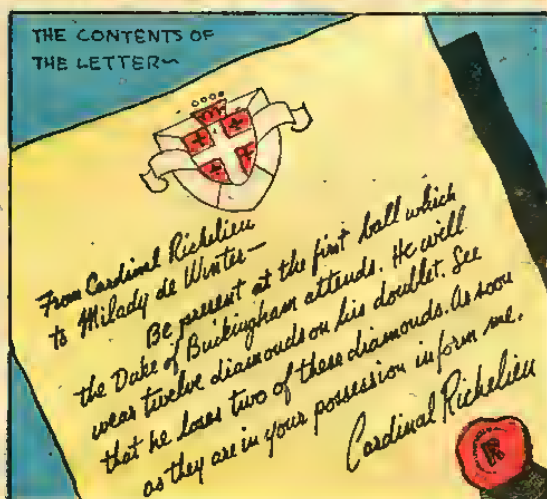
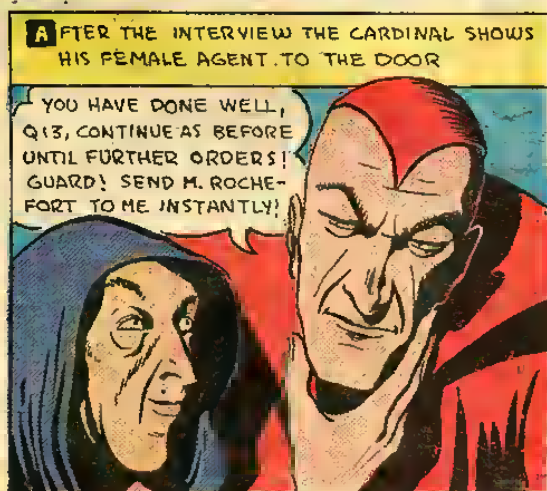
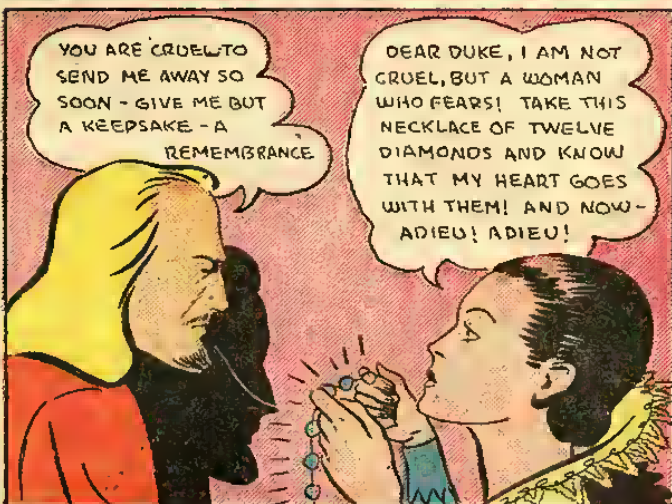
YOU SPEAK OF LOVE
TOO QUICKLY TO BE
TRUSTED, BUT I HAVE
NO CHOICE - I NEED
HELP AND YOUR
FACE IS GUILTELESS.
COME WITH ME - I HAVE
A RENDEZVOUS WITH
THE DUKE TO ESCORT
HIM TO HER MAJESTY
IN THE GREATEST
SECRECY



LET US AWAY THEN! THE
DUKE SHALL SEE THE
QUEEN THOUGH THE CARDI-
NAL AND THE DEVIL HIM-
SELF SHOULD BAR
THE WAY!

LATER - HAVING ESCORTED
THE DUKE TO THE PALACE
DARTAGNAN PURSUES A
ROMANTIC RENDEZVOUS
OF HIS OWN IN THE GAR-
DEN WITH CONSTANCE





THE NEXT DAY CARDINAL RICHELIEU HAS AN AUDIENCE WITH THE KING, LOUIS XIII.

SIRE, I HAVE GRAVE NEWS. THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM WAS IN PARIS YESTERDAY AND ESCAPED!

BUCKINGHAM! YOU ARE SURE? THE SCOUNDREL, HE IS CONSPIRING AGAINST MY COUNTRY AND MY HONOR!

O, SURELY NOT YOUR HONOR, SIRE. PERHAPS YOU ARE UNJUST TO... AH, YOUR MAJESTY, GOOD MORNING, I WAS JUST TRYING TO PERSUADE HIS HIGHNESS TO GIVE A BALL IN HONOR OF THE HANDSOME DIAMOND NECKLACE WITH WHICH HE HAS JUST PRESENTED YOU!

A CAPITAL IDEA! MADAME, YOU SHOULD BE PROUDER OF MY GIFTS EVEN IF I AM NOT AS HANDSOME AS THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM!

I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN, I.E.R...

I AM LOST. THE CARDINAL KNOWS ALL!

YOU ARRANGE THE DETAILS OF THIS BALL, MY DEAR CARDINAL!

CONSTANCE RUSHES TO THE QUEEN'S SIDE

O, YOUR HIGHNESS DO NOT DESPAIR! I HAVE A GALLANT FRIEND WHO WOULD DIE FOR YOUR MAJESTY! HE WILL FETCH THE GEMS BACK FROM LONDON!

CONSTANCE, WE CAN NEVER WIN AGAINST THE CARDINAL BUT WE SHALL TRY! GIVE ME PEN AND PAPER, I SHALL WRITE THE DUKE A NOTE AND YOUR FRIEND WILL DELIVER IT!

BUT Q IS BEHIND THE CURTAIN DRINKS IN EVERY WORD!

THAT EVENING D'ARTAGNAN ENTERS THE ROOMS OF ATHOS, ARAMIS & PORTHOS ARE THERE

LOOK! GENTLEMEN—FROM THE QUEEN IN APPRECIATION OF OUR GALLANT CONDUCT!

GALLANT CONDUCT? WHEN?

OUR GALLANT CONDUCT OF THE FUTURE! WE START TOMORROW FOR LONDON! A SECRET MISSION FOR THE QUEEN, ATHOS! PLANCHET WILL BUY HORSES AND MUSKETS FOR ALL OF US A DOZEN BOTTLES FOR TONIGHT!

BRAVO! DANGER AND WINE! A PEERLESS COMBINATION TO MAKE THE PAST GROW DIM!



EARLY THE NEXT MORNING THE FOUR FRIENDS AND THEIR LACKEYS LEAVE PARIS. EIGHT O'CLOCK FINDS THEM AT CHANTILLY WHERE THEY STOP FOR BREAKFAST. THEY ENTER THE INN. A GENTLEMAN, DRUNK, GREETS THEM—

HO! GENTLEMEN! WASH YOU SHAY WE HAVE A DRINK? HIC!

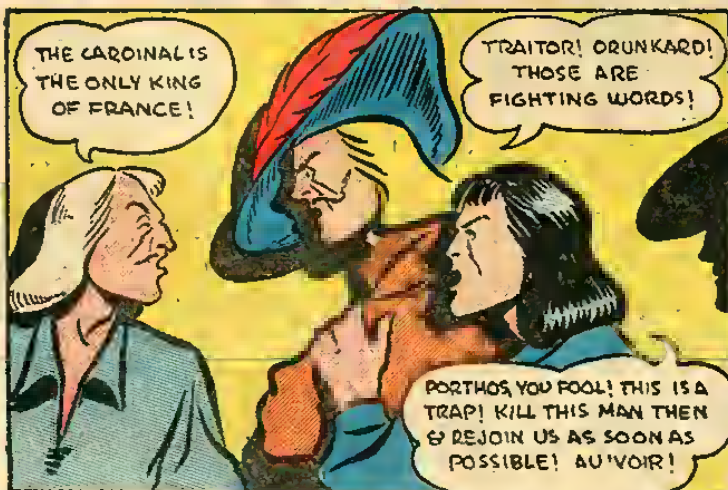
RIGHT! TO THE KING!



THE CARDINAL IS THE ONLY KING OF FRANCE!

TRAITOR! DRUNKARD! THOSE ARE FIGHTING WORDS!

PORTHOS, YOU FOOL! THIS IS A TRAP! KILL THIS MAN THEN & REJOIN US AS SOON AS POSSIBLE! AU'VOIR!



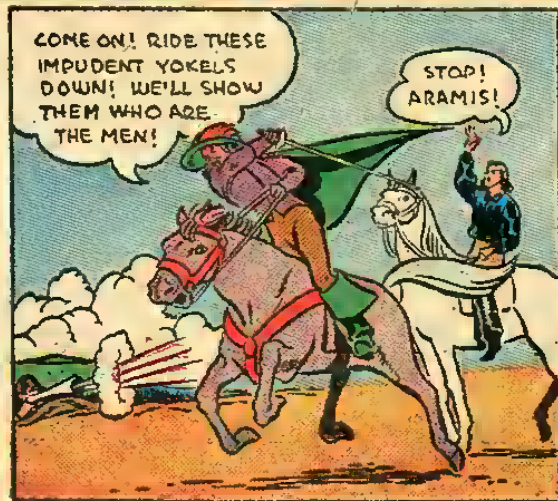
THE TRAVELERS CONTINUE THEIR JOURNEY MINUS PORTHOS. SHORTLY THEY COME UPON A GROUP OF WORKMEN ON THE ROAD.

HO! HO! LOOK AT THESE FANCY FELLOWS—MORBLEU! ARE THEY MEN OR THE FIRST FLOWERS OF SPRING?



COME ON! RIDE THESE IMPUDENT YOKELS DOWN! WE'LL SHOW THEM WHO ARE THE MEN!

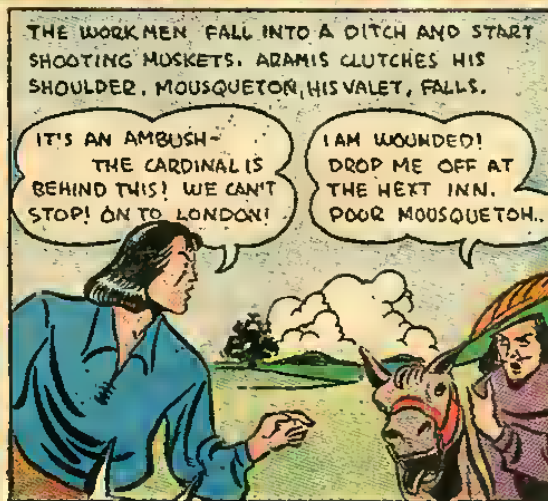
STOP! ARAMIS!



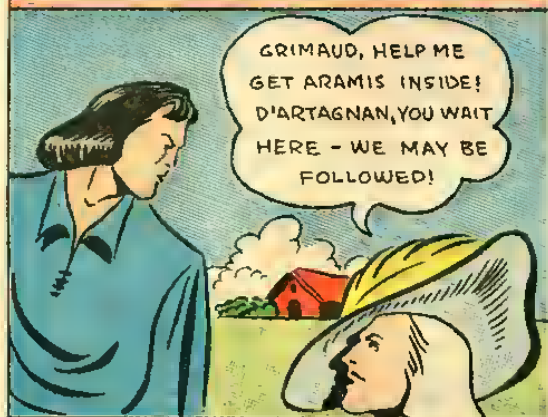
THE WORKMEN FALL INTO A DITCH AND START SHOOTING MUSKETS. ARAMIS CLUTCHES HIS SHOULDER. MOUSQUETON, HIS VALET, FALLS.

IT'S AN AMBUSH—THE CARDINAL IS BEHIND THIS! WE CAN'T STOP! ON TO LONDON!

I AM WOUNDED! DROP ME OFF AT THE NEXT INN. POOR MOUSQUETON.



AT AMIENS THEY REACH AN INN. ATHOS GIVES ORDERS TO HIS LACKEY



ATHOS ENTERS THE INN

MINE HOST, MY COMRADE IS HURT. PUT HIM UP UNTIL I RETURN. HERE IS A CROWN ON ACCOUNT.



SCOUNDREL! I'LL SPLIT YOUR EARS!

HELP! HELP! ARREST THIS VILLAIN!

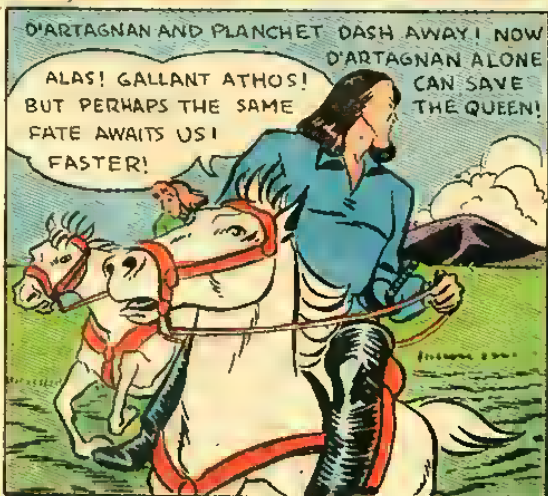


SUDDENLY THREE MEN FLING THEMSELVES ON ATHOS!

I AM CAUGHT, D'ARTAGNAN! ESCAPE! SPUR! SPUR!



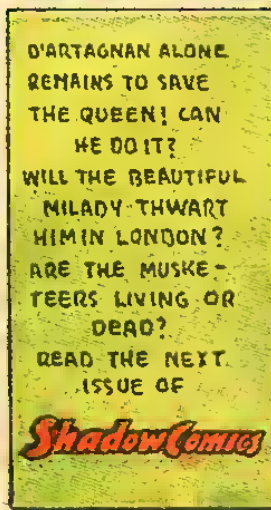
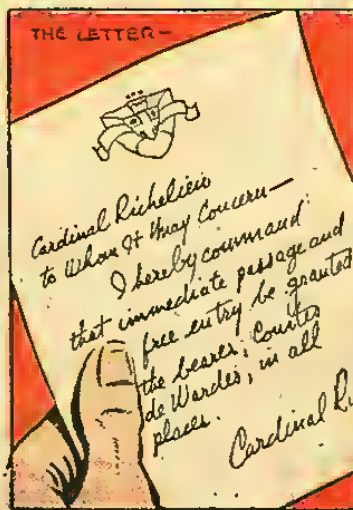
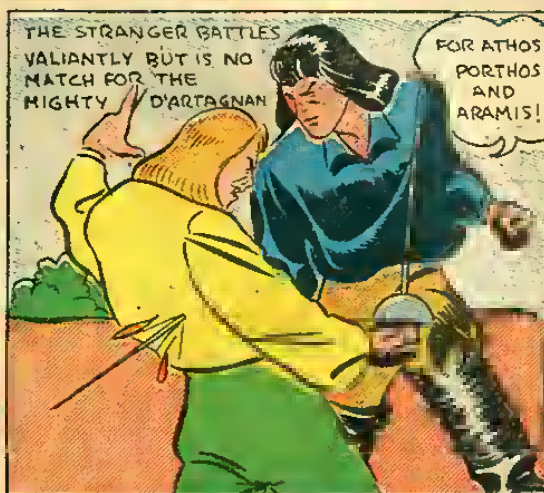
D'ARTAGNAN AND PLANCHET DASH AWAY! NOW D'ARTAGNAN ALONE CAN SAVE THE QUEEN! BUT PERHAPS THE SAME FATE AWAITS US! FASTER!



ON APPROACHING CALAIS WHERE THEY MUST BOARD SHIP FOR LONDON D'ARTAGNAN HEARS A STRANGER QUESTION A SAILOR

NO ONE CAN BOARD SHIP WITHOUT THE CARDINAL'S PERMISSION





THE TALKING TOAD

A 'GADGET MAN' MYSTERY

Click Rush, with a mind peculiarly adapted to mechanical and scientific gadgets came to New York with a trunk full of various devices which he had invented to fight crime.

Police officials, however, did not like his odd gadgets and looked upon him as a whacky inventor.

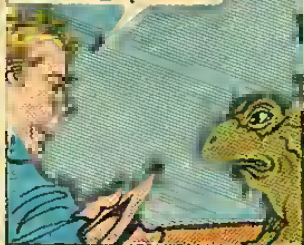
Just as Click Rush was disgruntled enough to pack up and go back home he received a mysterious package which when opened revealed

THE TALKING TOAD



CLICK RUSH, OPENING HIS OFFICE ONE FINE SPRING MORNING FINDS, TO HIS AMAZEMENT A VERY ODD RECEPTIONIST, A THREE FOOT METAL TOAD ON HIS DESK,

HELLO/-YOU LOOK LIKE A 'PARTY FAVOR' WHO LEFT YOU HERE?



IT SAT ON HIS DESK, - UNDER IT WAS A PAPER, THE HALF OF A \$10,000 BILL, - AND A NOTE READING,

- PUT AN ELECTRIC BULB IN THE TOAD'S MOUTH!



CLICK, BEING ONE OF THE INVENTIVE SORT, HAD A PORTABLE DEVICE IN HIS BACK OFFICE AND X-RAYED THE TOAD -

H'M I HEAR THE FAINT CLICK OF A THERMOSTAT, - IT MEANS ONLY ONE THING - THIS LITTLE TOAD IS A WIRED RADIO TRANSCEIVER!

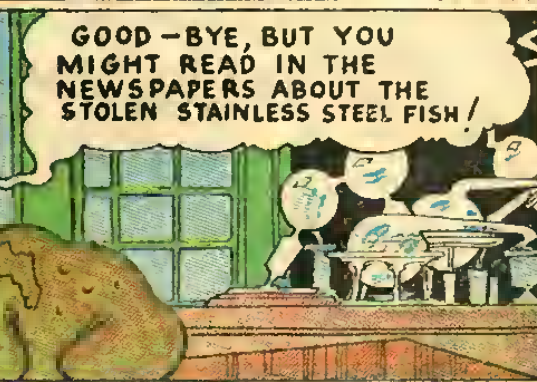
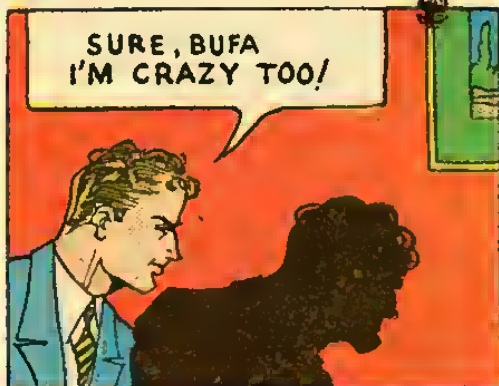


IT WILL TAKE THE HIGH FREQUENCY WAVES OFF THE ELECTRIC LIGHT WIRES AS AN ORDINARY RADIO.

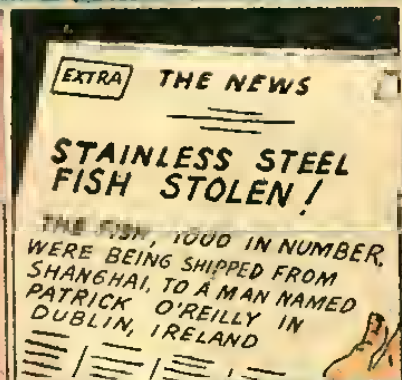
THEN THE TOAD SAID -

HELLO, YOU ARE MR. RUSH - I AM BUFA, - I LIVE ON SLUGS OF THE HUMAN VARIETY!



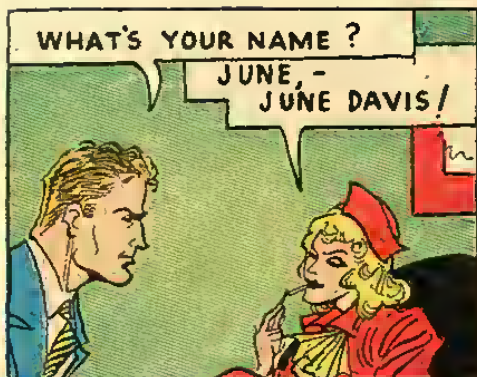


RUSH
WENT
OUT
AND
BOUGHT
A
PAPER,
ON THE
FRONT
PAGE
FLARED
THIS
HEAD
LINE -

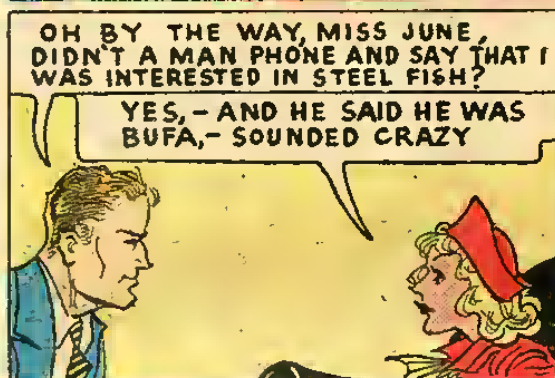


WHILE
RUSH
WAS
READING
THIS
THE
DOOR
OPENED.
A VERY
BEAUTI-
FUL
GIRL
STOOD
THERE.



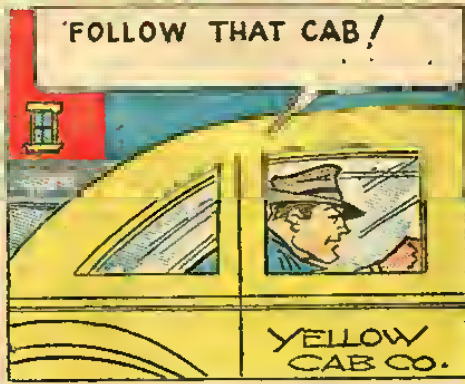


THEN, RUSH EXCUSING HIMSELF FOR THE MOMENT, GOES TO THE OUTER OFFICE WHERE THERE IS A MACHINE CONNECTED WITH THE GIRL'S CHAIR

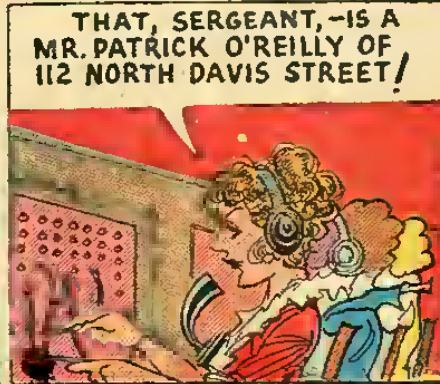
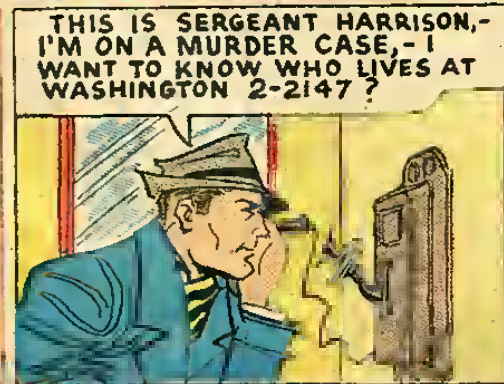


CLICK ESCORTS HER TO THE ELEVATOR AND ON A PRETENSE EXCUSES HIMSELF -

HE DOUBLES BACK, AND BY WAY OF THE BACK STAIRS -

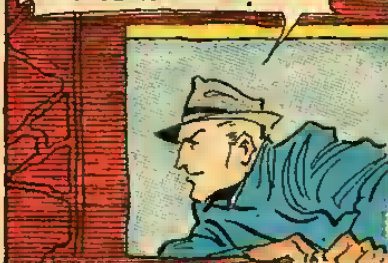


LOSING JUNE'S CAB IN A TRAFFIC JAM, CLICK, DASHES INTO A TELEPHONE BOOTH.

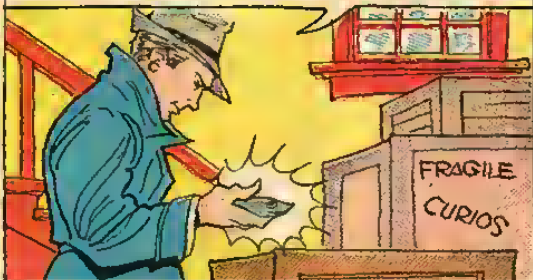


CLICK GOT INTO HIS CAB AND WENT TO THE ADDRESS GIVEN, THERE HE SNEAKED INTO THE HOUSE BY A BASEMENT WINDOW

THIS IS THE HOUSE OF MYSTERY, EH.-? WELL LET'S SEE WHAT IT LEADS TO-!



SO THESE ARE THE WELL-KNOWN STAINLESS STEEL FISH - H'M, - MUCH HEAVIER THAN I SUSPECTED!



WONDERFUL SPECIMEN, DON'T YOU THINK? - WON'T YOU JOIN US IN THE NEXT ROOM?

DELIGHTED



THERE, CLICK SAW THE GIRL WHO WAS IN HIS OFFICE, AND A LARGE LEATHERY MAN, BOTH WERE LASHED TO THEIR CHAIRS -

WE WERE TRAPPED!



AND HE'S GOING TO KILL ALL OF US!



MY FRIENDS, THESE FISH ARE GOLD - THEY'RE SO PREPARED THAT THEY CAN GET BY IN ANY CUSTOM HOUSE IN ANY COUNTRY -



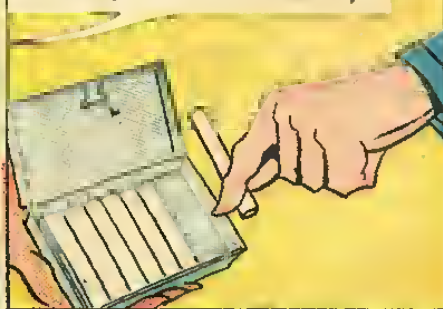
I USE THEM AS A FOIL, - I AM MERELY TELLING YOU THIS BECAUSE THIS OLD HOUSE IS VACANT AND NO ONE WILL FIND YOU HERE UNTIL I AM SAFELY AWAY!



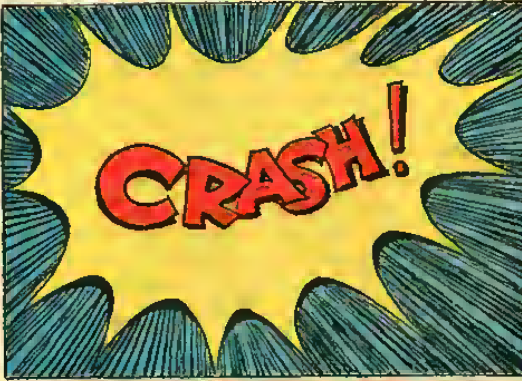
CLICK THEN ASKS FOR A LAST CIGAR-ETTE.

HE IS GRANTED ONE

ALWAYS THE PERFECT HOST, - HA-HA-HA!



AS HE STRIKES THE MATCH THERE'S A DEAFENING REPORT FOR THE MATCH WAS A CLEVERLY MOLDED COLORED CHEMICAL



H'M TWO DOWN - AND TWO TO GO!



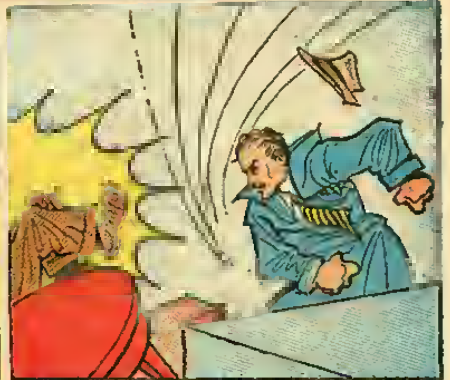
IN THE FIGHT THAT FOLLOWED, CLICK HELD ONE CROOK'S NECK AND THEN LET GO, - THE MAN BECAME DOPED.



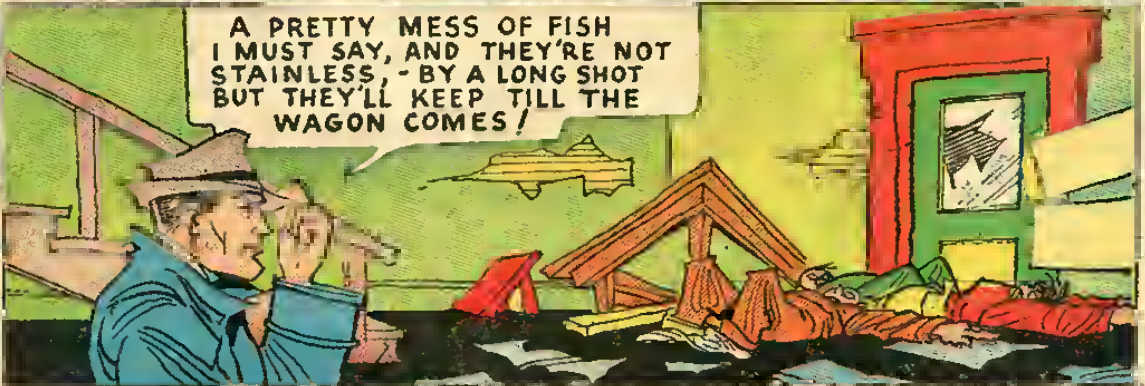
HE THEN CLOSED WITH O'REILLY.



THE CHEMICALLY FILLED HYPODERMIC NEEDLE STRAPPED TO HIS WRIST SOON SENT O'REILLY TO THE LAND OF NOD ALSO -



A PRETTY MESS OF FISH I MUST SAY, AND THEY'RE NOT STAINLESS, - BY A LONG SHOT BUT THEY'LL KEEP TILL THE WAGON COMES!



COMMISSIONER, CLICK RUSH SPEAKING, - SEND A WAGON TO 112 N. DAVIS STREET, THERE'S FOUR SPECIMENS HERE THAT I KNOW YOU'LL WANT FOR YOUR COLLECTION -!



OKAY, CLICK, I'LL SEND A SQUAD, - YOU STAND BY!



AFTER HIS CATCH IS SAFELY BOOKED AS GUESTS OF THE CITY, CLICK PAYS A VISIT TO HIS OLD FRIEND, THE COMMISSIONER -

THAT WAS HIS QUaint little RACKET, SIR - THESE FISH WERE REALLY PURE GOLD, - DIPPED IN A SECRET METAL COATING THAT ONLY HE COULD REMOVE - HE'D SHIP THEM ABROAD AS WORKS OF ART TO HIS ESTATE IN IRELAND.

ALMOST SOUNDS FANTASTIC, CLICK.



- THEN BY A CHEMICAL BATH PROCESS, WHICH HE ALONE KNEW, - HE'D MAKE THE FISH SHED THEIR SKINS, SO TO SPEAK, AND SELL THE GOLD TO THE HIGHEST FOREIGN BIDDER!



CLICK, MY BOY, YOU'VE DONE OUR GOVERNMENT A MOST PRAISEWORTHY FAVOR!



SKIP THE MEDALS COMMISSIONER, I'LL BE SEEING YOU!



NOW TO CHECK ON THE TALKING TOAD!



BACK
IN HIS
OFFICE
CLICK
PLACES
THE
ELECTRIC
LIGHT
INTO ITS
MOUTH
AND THE
TOAD
SAYS,

I HAVE MADE A GOOD
CHOICE, - WOULD YOU
LIKE TO CONTINUE OUR
ARRANGEMENT - ?

WHAT ARRANGEMENT
HAVE YOU IN MIND - ?

YOU KNOW THAT THIS TOWN
IS OVER-RIDDEN WITH CRIME
DON'T YOU, CLICK RUSH?

ONLY TOO
WELL, BUFA!

WELL WITH YOUR
CO-OPERATION I INTEND
TO CLEAN OUT A LOT
OF THESE THUG-NESTS!

I WILL CALL YOUR ATTENTION TO
CRIMES WHICH I THINK NEED SOLVING,
I PAY YOU, - ISN'T THAT ENOUGH?
LOOK IN YOUR MORNING MAIL FOR
THE OTHER HALF OF THE \$ 10,000 BILL!

THE NEXT MORNING'S MAIL-

WELL I'LL----
HE KEPT
HIS WORD!

CLICK RUSH, RECEIVES
INSTRUCTIONS FROM THE
TALKING TOAD TO SOLVE
STARTLING CRIMES-SEE
THE NEXT ISSUE OF

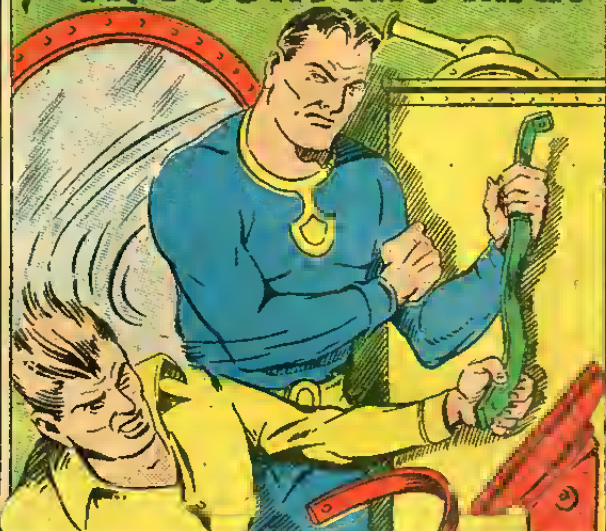
SHADOW COMICS

IRON MUNRO

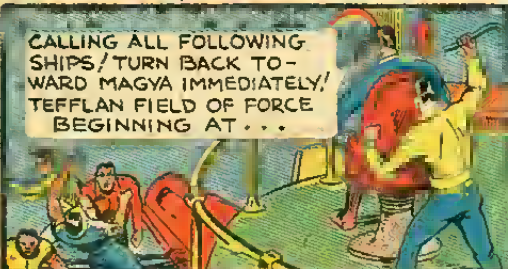
The ASTOUNDING MAN

IRON MUNRO OF JUPITER AND SPENCER CARLISLE, RICH YOUNG SHIPOWNER, ARE IN ANOTHER SPACE HELPING THE MAGYANS, DESCENDANTS OF THE SURVIVORS OF EARTH'S LOST CONTINENT MU, IN THEIR WAR WITH THE TEFFLANS, THE ANCIENT DEVILS OF EARTH. IRON'S NEW SCIENCE HAS GIVEN THE MAGYANS GREAT AID:

A FLEET IS ON THE WAY TO DESTROY TEFF-EL, LED BY IRON'S SHIP. THOUSANDS OF MILES FROM THEIR OBJECTIVE, THE CREWS OF THE MAGYAN FLEET GO MAD, KILL ONE ANOTHER WHILE THEIR SHIPS, OUT OF CONTROL, DESTROY THEMSELVES. WHAT NEW TEFFLAN WEAPON CAN THIS BE?

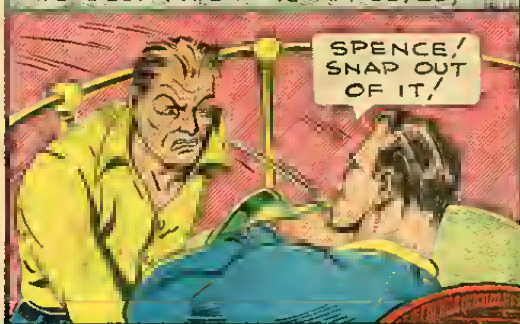


CALLING ALL FOLLOWING SHIPS/TURN BACK TOWARD MAGYA IMMEDIATELY! TEFFLAN FIELD OF FORCE BEGINNING AT...



HIS GREAT MIND LESS EASILY AFFECTED, IRON MUNRO GIVES THE POSITION OF THE MYSTERIOUS FORCE TO THE FOLLOWING SHIPS BEHIND HIM ----

HIS BEST FRIEND IS AFFECTED!



SPENCE! SNAP OUT OF IT!

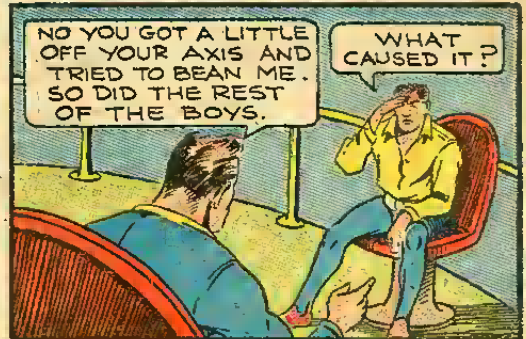
HURTS ME MORE THAN IT HURTS YOU, PAL...



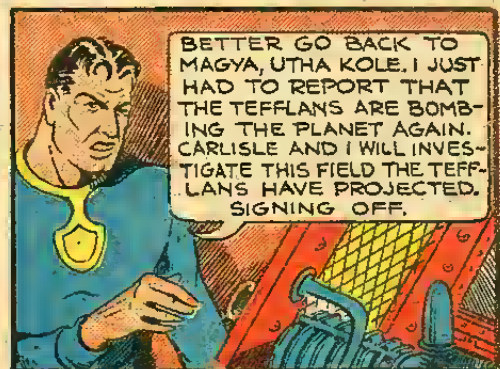
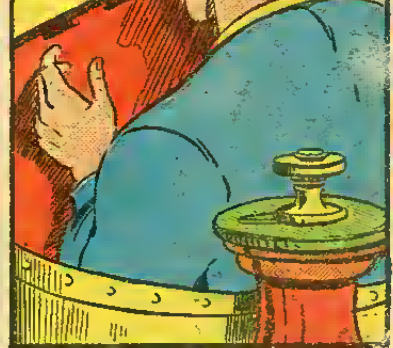
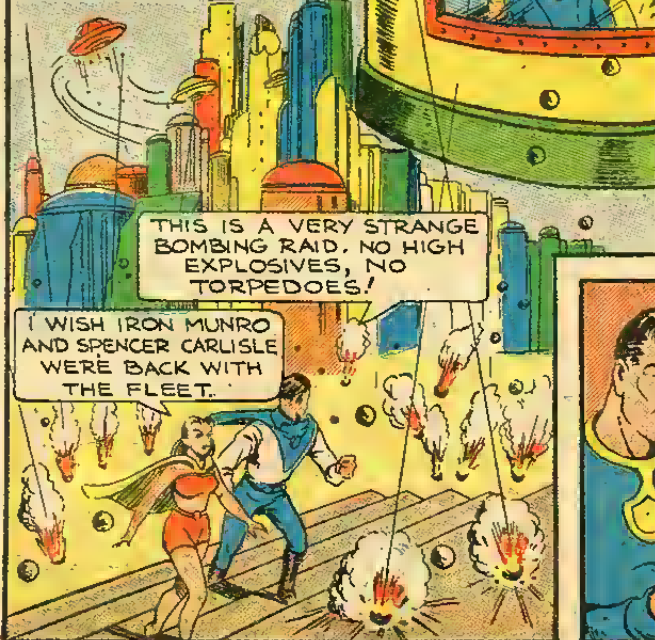
IF I CAN ONLY HOLD OUT LONG ENOUGH TO HEAD US OUT OF THIS...

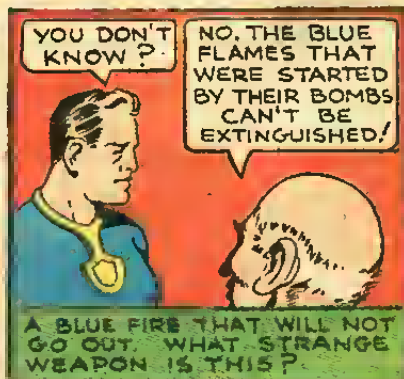
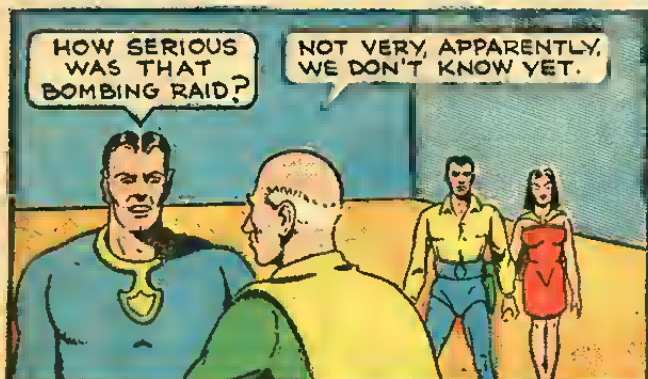
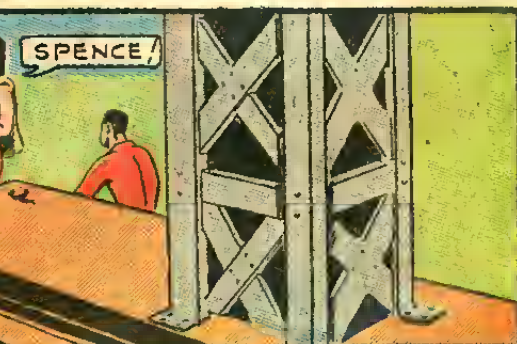
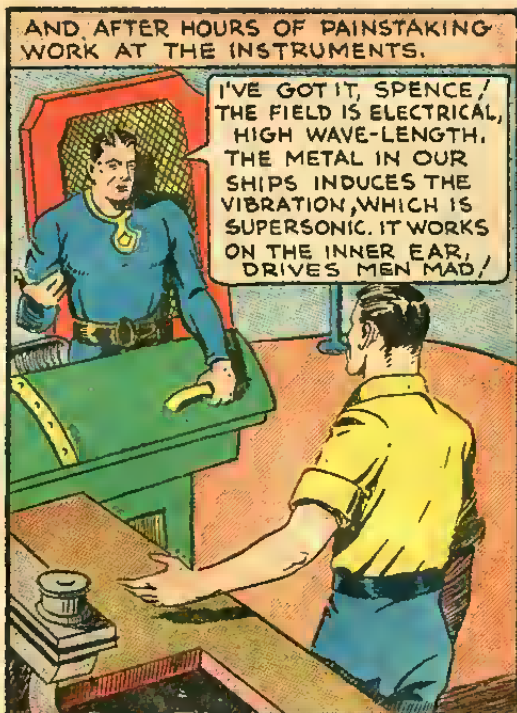
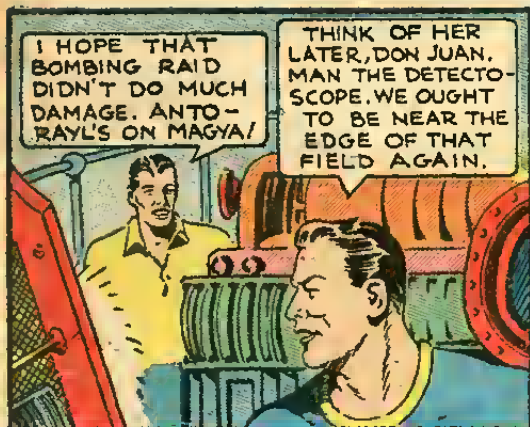


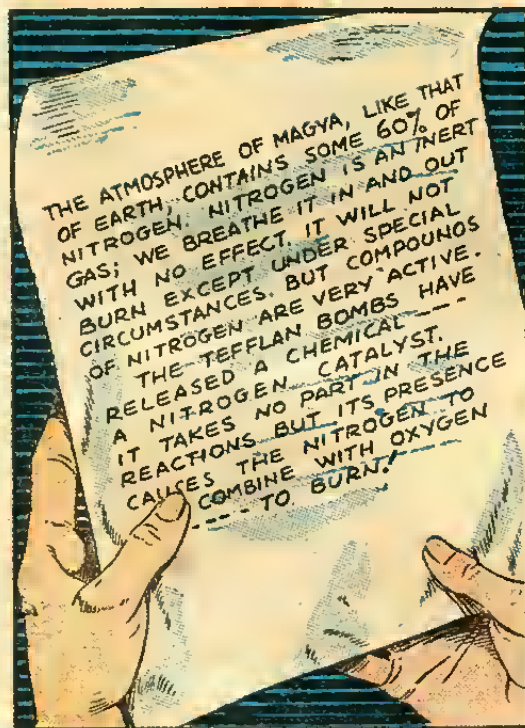
WITH A LAST MIGHTY EFFORT OF WILL, IRON MUNRO TURNS THE SHIP AND SPEEDS OUT OF THE DEATH ZONE.

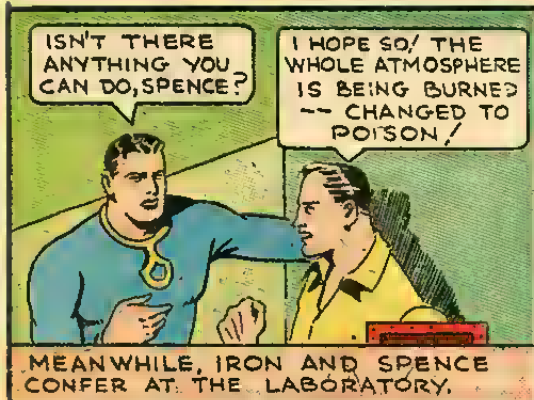


BACK ON MAGYA, A SMALL TEFFLAN FLEET ATTACKS WITH STILL ANOTHER NEW WEAPON.









IRON, a man in a blue suit with a gold emblem, is gesturing while talking to Spence, a man in a yellow shirt. They are in a laboratory setting.

ISN'T THERE ANYTHING YOU CAN DO, SPENCE?

I HOPE SO, THE WHOLE ATMOSPHERE IS BEING BURNED -- CHANGED TO POISON!

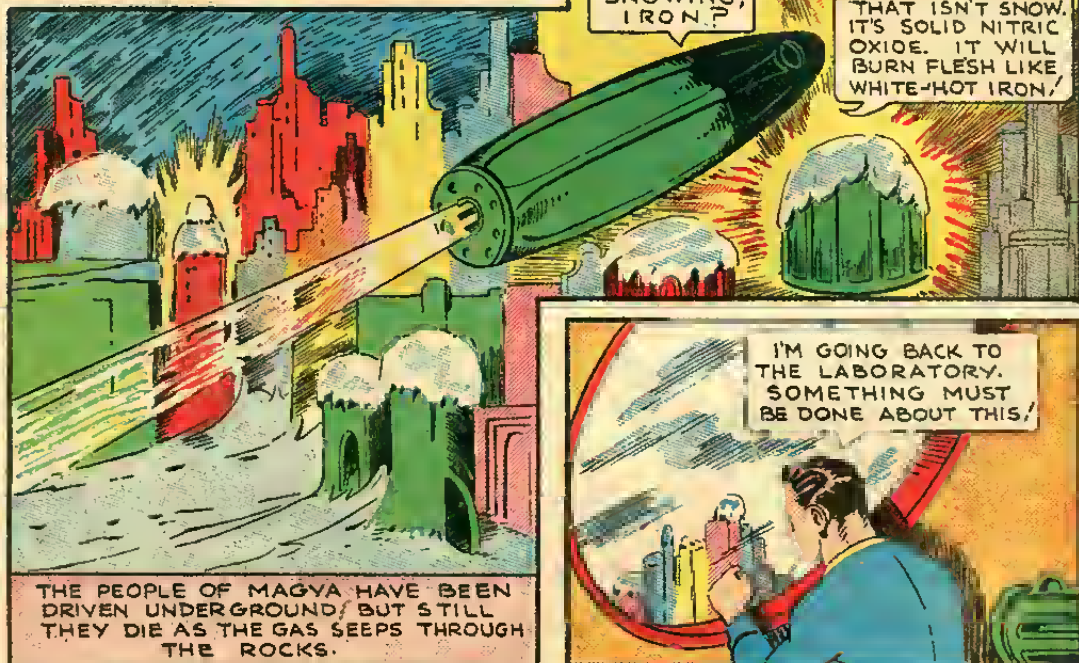
MEANWHILE, IRON AND SPENCE CONFER AT THE LABORATORY.



Iron and Spence are now joined by a woman in a red dress. They are standing near laboratory equipment, including a large flask and a beaker.

HELLO, ANTO-RAYL. HOW ARE THINGS ON THE OUTSIDE?

WORSE. COME WITH ME AND WE'LL MAKE A SURVEY FLIGHT.



A large green missile is shown in flight, firing a beam of light towards a city. The city is depicted with stylized buildings and a large explosion or fire in the background.

WHY IS IT SNOWING, IRON?

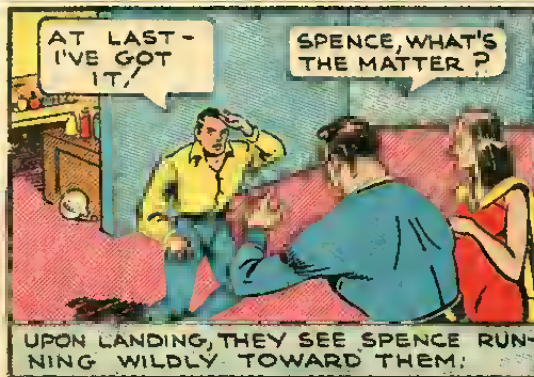
THAT ISN'T SNOW. IT'S SOLID NITRIC OXIDE. IT WILL BURN FLESH LIKE WHITE-HOT IRON!

THE PEOPLE OF MAGYA HAVE BEEN DRIVEN UNDERGROUND, BUT STILL THEY DIE AS THE GAS SEEPS THROUGH THE ROCKS.



Iron is shown from the back, looking out a window at the city. The city is now covered in a thick layer of white, representing the solid nitric oxide.

I'M GOING BACK TO THE LABORATORY. SOMETHING MUST BE DONE ABOUT THIS!

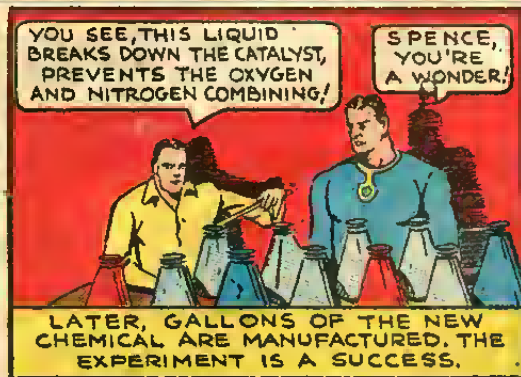


Iron, Spence, and the woman are in the laboratory. Iron is running towards them, looking distressed.

AT LAST - I'VE GOT IT!

SPENCE, WHAT'S THE MATTER?

UPON LANDING, THEY SEE SPENCE RUNNING WILDLY TOWARD THEM.

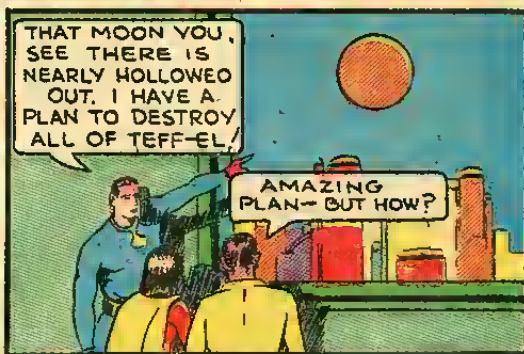
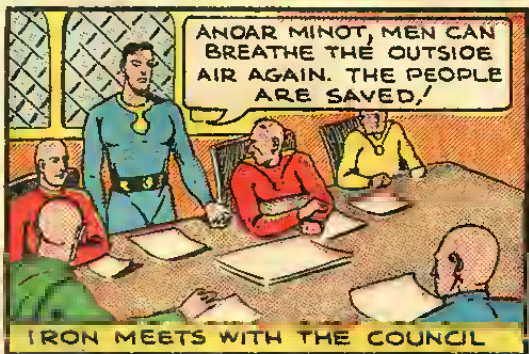
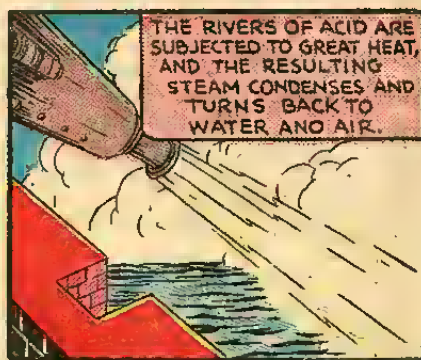
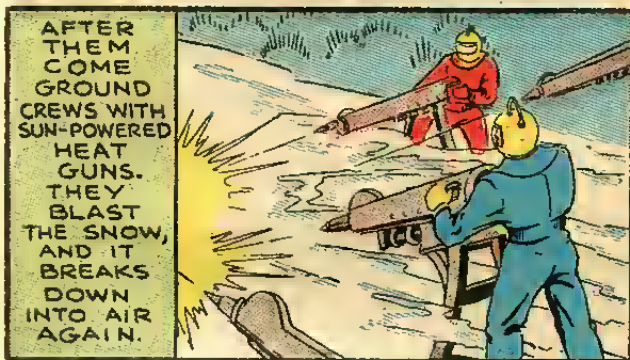
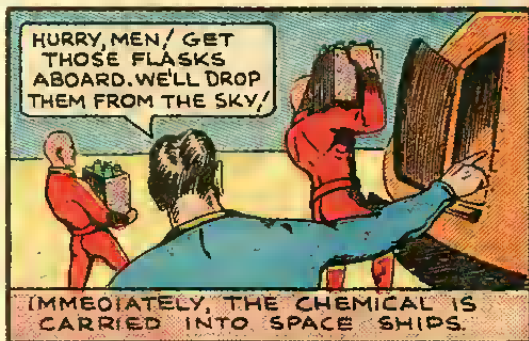


Iron and Spence are working together in the laboratory, surrounded by various glass flasks and equipment.

YOU SEE, THIS LIQUID BREAKS DOWN THE CATALYST, PREVENTS THE OXYGEN AND NITROGEN COMBINING!

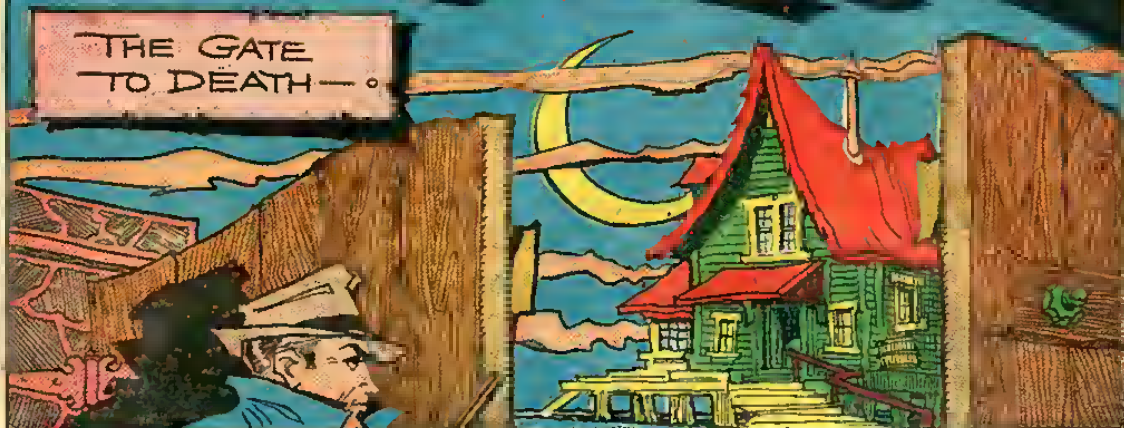
SPENCE, YOU'RE A WONDER!

LATER, GALLONS OF THE NEW CHEMICAL ARE MANUFACTURED. THE EXPERIMENT IS A SUCCESS.



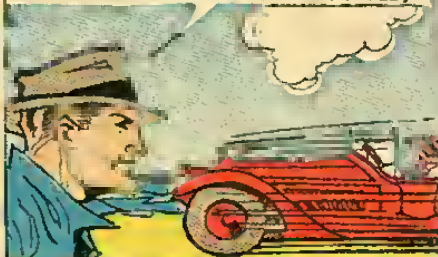
NICK CARTER

SUPER-SLEUTH —



AT LAST, NICK CARTER TOOK THE ADVICE OF HIS FRIENDS.— HE WENT TO A LITTLE SOUTHERN SEASHORE TOWN FOR A GOOD REST.— HE TRIED TO GET USED TO DOING NOTHING, THEN ONE MORNING.

NOW FOR A SWIM —
WHAT TH--? — FIRST
TIME I EVER SAW ANYONE
IN A HURRY DOWN HERE!



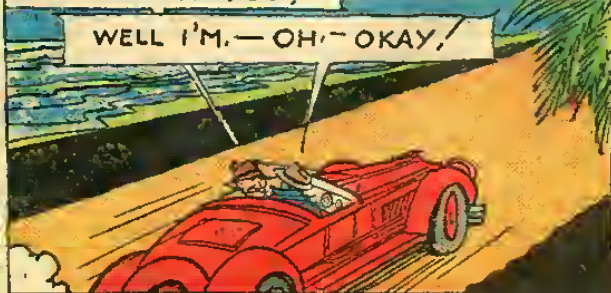
WHAT'S UP, SHERIFF-?
YOU'RE THE CITY FELLER
STAYIN' OVER TO TH' HOTEL
AIN'T YOU?— I'VE GOT A JOB
FOR YOU —



WHAT IS IT?
A BODY WAS FOUND WASHED
UP ON OL' ALTMAYER'S PLACE.—
I NEED A DEPUTY, AN' WITNESS!

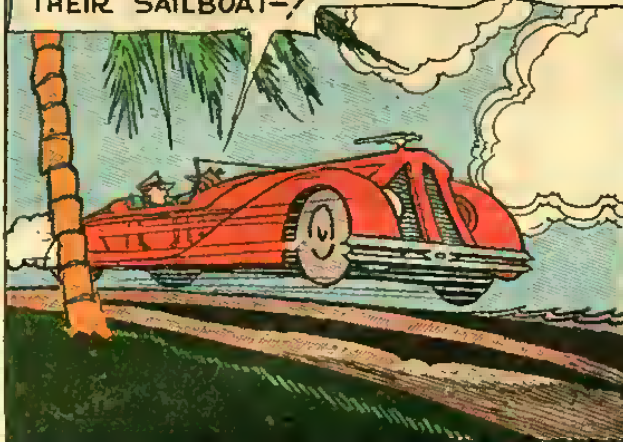


COME ON, I'LL PAY YOU THREE DOLLARS
A DAY,—A LITTLE DETECTIVIN'LL HELP PASS
THE TIME FOR YOU!



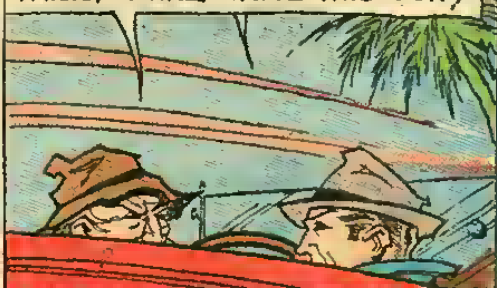
MY NAME'S PALMER, SHERIFF, - TELL ME ABOUT THIS CASE, /

MAY BE NOTHIN', - BUT I DUNNO; - YOUNG COUPLE FOUND THE STIFF THIS MORNING - WHEN THEY PUT IN TO PATCH A LEAK IN THEIR SAILBOAT - /

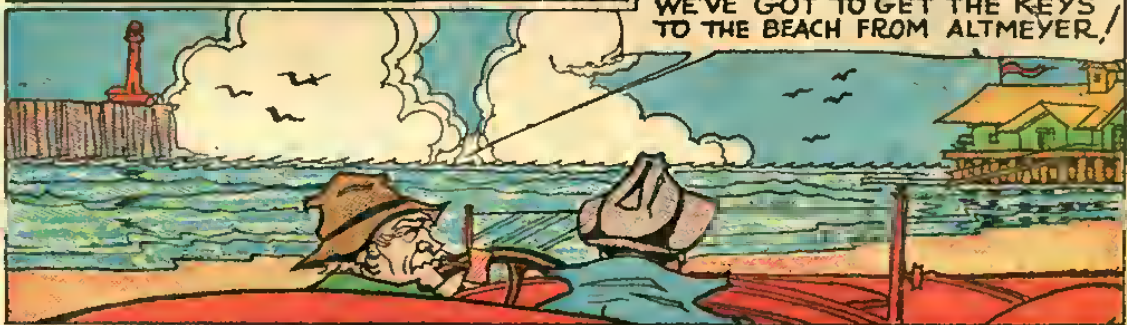


PROBABLY JUST SOME SAILOR FALLEN OFF A PASSING SHIP - /

COULD BE, - BUT ANYTHING THAT HAPPENS AROUND ALTMAYER'S PLACE IS LIABLE T'BE FISHY, HE'S GOT A TOUGH REPUTATION IN THESE PARTS, - HERE, - TAKE THIS GUN, /



OLD MAN ALTMAYER IS SOMETHING OF A HERMIT - WE SEE HIM ONLY TWICE A MONTH, - WHEN HE COMES IN FOR GROCERIES - WE'VE GOT TO GET THE KEYS TO THE BEACH FROM ALTMAYER, /



GET OUT OF HERE! - I'M NOT INTERESTED IN ANYTHING YOU HAVE TO SAY - /

YOU BETTER BE, ALTMAYER, - THERE'S A DEAD MAN ON THE BEACH, - WE WANT THE KEYS, /



FINALLY GAINING ENTRANCE, NICK, AND THE SHERIFF EXAMINE THE BODY OF THE DROWNED MAN - /

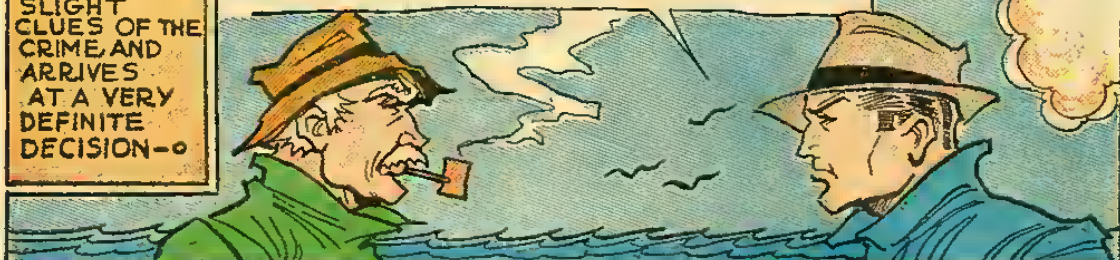
THIS, SHERIFF, - IS NOT A SAILOR, - IT'S A CITY MAN, AND A RICH MAN AT THAT, - H'M - /

FIRST THING YOU'VE GOT TO LEARN ABOUT DETECTIVIN', YOUNG FELLER, IS NOT TO TOUCH NOTHIN' - WAIT A WHILE, - I'LL GET MY CAMERA - /



NICK MAKES
A HASTY
ANALYSIS
OF THE
SLIGHT
CLUES OF THE
CRIME, AND
ARRIVES
AT A VERY
DEFINITE
DECISION--o

SHERIFF,--THERE'S RED MUD
ON THIS MAN'S SHOES,--HE WAS
DROPPED HERE FROM SOMEWHERE,
THERE'S NOT A MARK ON THE BEACH //

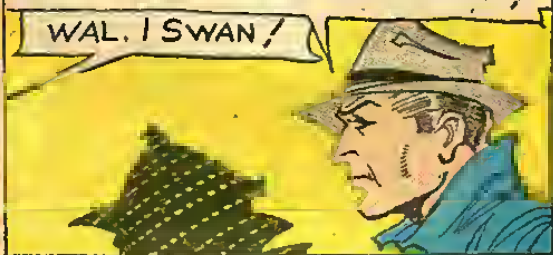


ONE SIDE, MR. PALMER,--I LEARNED
HOW TO DO THIS AT THE NICK CARTER
SCHOOL! --I'M PHOTOGRAPHIN'
ALL THE EVIDENCE.--/

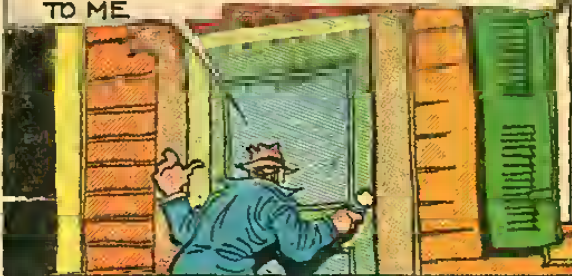


LISTEN, SHERIFF,--I MIGHT AS WELL
TELL YOU,--I'M NICK CARTER--SEND
HIS FINGERPRINTS INTO NEW YORK,--
I'LL STOP HERE AND LOOK AROUND //

WAL. I SWAN //



I'VE GOT OLD ALTMAYER'S KEYS SO
I MIGHT AS WELL USE THEM,--HE LOOKS
VERY MUCH ON THE SUSPICIOUS SIDE
TO ME



WELCOME,--TO THIS --
MISTER SNOOP //



OKAY, BUDDY,--YOU KNOW WHERE
TO TAKE HIM,--TIE HIM UP GOOD //



AN HOUR
LATER--o

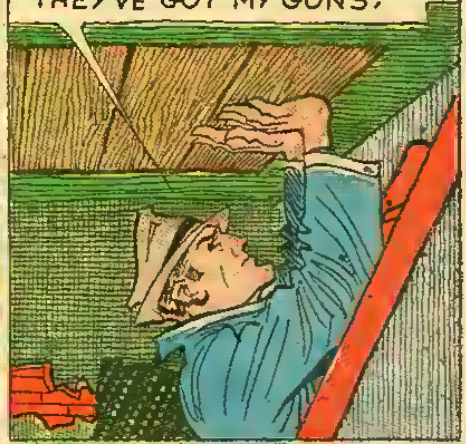
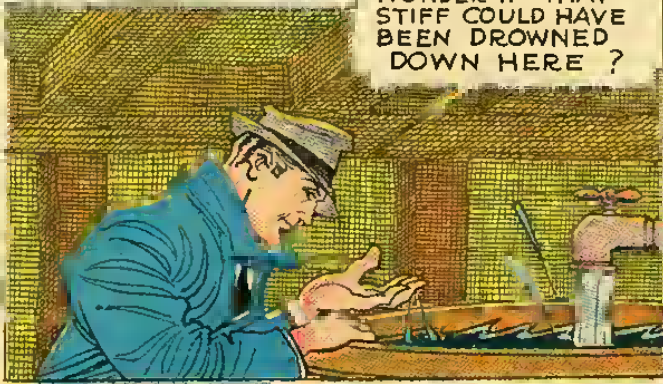
WHOOEE! WONDER
WHAT HIT ME, H'M A
CELLAR,--I WONDER--



NICK CARTER MADE
SHORT WORK OF
HIS BONDS —

WELL I'LL BE ---
SALT WATER, / I
WONDER IF THAT
STIFF COULD HAVE
BEEN DROWNED
DOWN HERE ?

DOGGONE! NO WAY OUT!
THIS IS A SPOT!
THEY'VE GOT ME, — AND
THEY'VE GOT MY GUNS, /



ALL RIGHT, NICK CARTER,
GET 'EM UP, /

HEH, / YOU KNOW ME ?

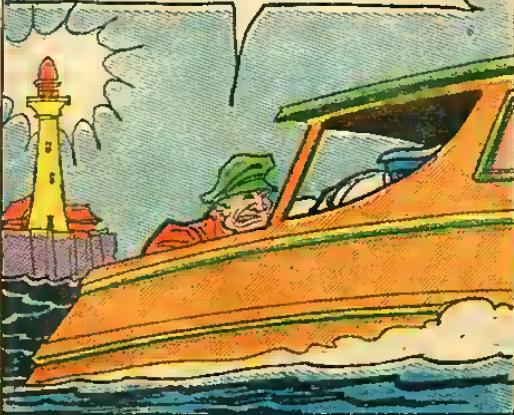
WHAT THUG DONT
KNOW NICK CARTER ?



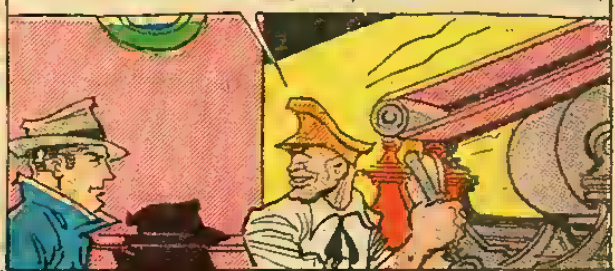
TAKE HIM THROUGH THE CAVE UNDER
THE BEACH, SLUG, THEN WE'LL TOSS
HIM INTO THE CATBOAT, AND, CARTER,
KEEP YOURSELF SHUT — /



GIVE IT EVERYTHING IT'S GOT
SLUG, — OLD ALTMeyer WANTS
TO HIT FOR OPEN WATER ON
THE NEXT TIDE, AND HE'S /
WAITING FOR US ABOARD — /

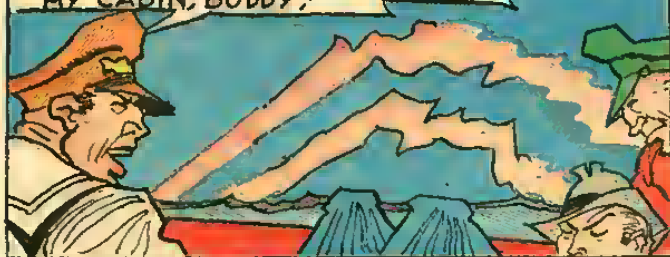


THAT'S THE SET-UP PRECISELY MY FINE
FEATHERED FRIEND, — A COUNTERFEIT
MILL AND WE MAKE LIBERTY BONDS —
LEGALLY, — YEP, — OUTSIDE THE TWELVE
MILE LIMIT, — AND WE DIDN'T KILL YOU
BECAUSE WE NEED YOU, AFAMOUS MAN
LIKE YOU COULD GET MARKETS FOR THESE
BONDS RIGHT, OUT IN THE OPEN, — THE
PROFITS ARE TREMENDOUS, — AND IT'S LEGAL!



AT THAT MOMENT
NICK CARTER COLLAPSES ◊

CATCH HIM, — THAT SLUGGING
HE GOT ON SHORE MUST HAVE
DONE HIM IN. — GET HIM INTO
MY CABIN, BUDDY.



BUT ONCE INSIDE THE CABIN
THE SICK NICK GETS WELL
SUDDENLY —

HELP YOURSELF
TO THAT, BUDDY



NOW WITH A SPEEDY MAKE-UP WE'LL CHANGE
PLACES, — FOR THE REST OF THIS TRIP YOU'RE
NICK CARTER, BUDDY ALTMAYER, — WHILE
I BECOME YOU.



OKAY SAILOR, I'LL
TAKE THE WHEEL
FOR AWHILE. GET
SOME SLEEP.

YES SIR, MR.
ALTMAYER, SHE'S
STEERING
NORTH-EAST.



SHE WAS. — FROM NOW ON SHE'S STEERING
SOUTH-WEST. — BACK INSIDE THE TWELVE
MILE LIMIT. — NEXT TO GET INTO THE
RADIO ROOM.



BEAT IT, SPARKS, I WANT TO SEND
A RADIOGRAM. — PRIVATELY.

WELL I --- VERY GOOD
MR. ALTMAYER.



NICK'S RADIOGRAM IS INSTANTLY PICKED UP
BY COASTGUARD CUTTERS. — HE HAS MANEUVERED
THE COUNTERFEITING SHIP INSIDE GOVERNMENT
WATERS, A LANDING PARTY OF U.S. MARINES CLAMBER
ABOARD.

CAUGHT RED-HANDED, ALTMAYER
AND HIS GANG ARE INSTANTLY
CONVICTED ON FEDERAL CHARGES
AND SENTENCED — FOR KEEPS ◊

SURRENDER IN THE NAME
OF THE UNITED STATES
GOVERNMENT.

THIS IS PIRACY. —
WE'RE OUTSIDE
YOUR JURISDICTION!

YOU WERE ALTMAYER,
UNTIL I TOOK THE WHEEL.



SPLENDID WORK MR. CARTER. —
WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO NOW?

WELL MY VACATION'S OVER —
NOW I'LL GO BACK TO WORK.



The AVENGER

TRACKS DOWN THE
DEMON WHO SHOCKED
THE WORLD WITH HIS
"FROSTED DEATH"
POWDER.

PREVIOUS CHAPTER

JOHN BRAUN'S DEATH WAS CAUSED BY A MYSTERIOUS POWDER. BENSON, THE AVENGER, SCENTED A PLOT AND STARTED TO INVESTIGATE. OTHER THINGS WERE HAPPENING. VISHNIR, THE CHEMIST, KILLED HIS PARTNER, TARGILL, PUTTING THE BLAME ON MR. SANGAMAN, ANOTHER PARTNER. —

WHOSE DAUGHTER, CLAUDETTE, PERSUADED BENSON TO WIDEN THE SCOPE OF HIS INVESTIGATION. IT CAME OUT THAT VISHNIR WOULD RECEIVE \$1,000,000 ON THE DEATH OF TAYLOR, ONE OF HIS PARTNERS, AND \$19,000,000 FROM A FOREIGN NATION FOR HIS "FROSTED DEATH" POWDER.

PART OF THE PLOT WAS TO GET RID OF SANGAMAN'S DAUGHTER, CLAUDETTE, SO THAT HER DAD'S FORTUNE WOULD COME INTO VISHNIR'S POSSESSION

HELP! HELP!
THEY'RE
TRYING TO
KILL ME!

IT'S ALL RIGHT
MISS SANGAMAN!
YOU'RE SAFE!
I'M BENSON!!



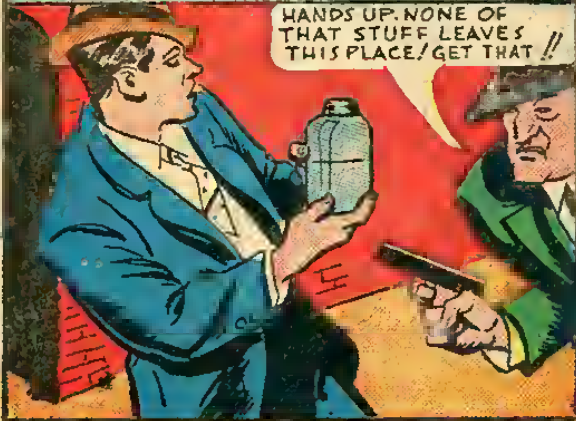
WELL, JOSH, I THINK
I FOUND A CURE FOR
THE 'FROSTED
DEATH' POWDER.

WHAT! MAC, YOU'RE
A GENIUS! GOSH,
MILLIONS OF LIVES
SAVED! YOU'LL
BE FAMOUS!!



THE PLOTTERS HEARD OF THE CURE AND
DECIDED TO DESTROY IT, EVEN IF THEY HAVE TO
DO SOME KILLING.

HANDS UP, NONE OF
THAT STUFF LEAVES
THIS PLACE! GET THAT !!



VISHNIR VISITS THE HIDEOUT OF SANGAMAN TO SEE THAT HIS PLANS WEREN'T GOING WRONG.

I'M GOING TO GIVE MYSELF UP, IT'S BETTER TO BE IN JAIL FACING A MURDER CHARGE!

A MURDER CHARGE? YOU MEAN TWO MURDER CHARGES!!

YOU KILLED OLD MAN TAYLOR. YOUR GLOVES WERE FOUND CLOSE TO HIS BODY!

THAT IS ABSOLUTELY A LIE, I WASN'T ANYWHERE NEAR TAYLOR!!

TO VISHNIR, EVERYTHING WAS GOING PERFECTLY. THE TAYLOR INSURANCE MONEY HE THOUGHT WAS RIGHT IN HIS HAND.

I GOT TO LAUGH THE WAY I PUT IT OVER ON THESE SMART GUYS!

THINK OF ALL THE INNOCENT PEOPLE YOU'LL KILL WITH YOUR "FROSTED DEATH" POWDER!!

I GET \$19,000,000 IN A FEW DAYS. WHO GETS KILLED DOESN'T MATTER TO ME. ONLY MONEY COUNTS!!

MAC AND JOSH, VALUABLE AIDES OF BENSON'S, HAVE BEEN MADE PRISONERS BY THE WILY VISHNIR.

NO, DON'T SHOOT THEM, I HAVE A BETTER WAY!

I ALWAYS KILL ENEMIES, I'LL SHOOT THEM NOW!!

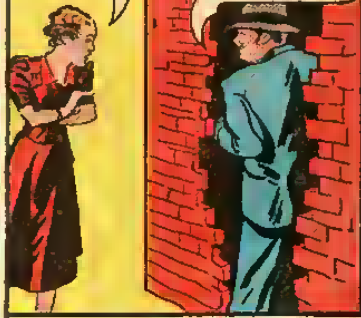
VISHNIR, TO MAKE SURE OF A QUICK DEATH, GIVES MAC AND JOSH A DOSE OF "DEATH POWDER."

WHEN PEOPLE GET IN MY WAY, THEY DON'T NEED OLD AGE INSURANCE!!

WHILE VISHNIR'S THUGS SURROUND BENSON'S HOUSE.

HOW ARE YOU GOING TO GET OUT MR BENSON?

RIGHT OUT THIS SECRET PANEL. EVEN YOU DIDN'T KNOW OF!



ONLY TWO SHOTS WERE FIRED, AND BENSON'S PATH WAS CLEARED.



BENSON SEARCHED ONE OF THE STUNNED GUNMEN AND FOUND PASSPORTS AND AN ADDRESS THAT MEANT MUCH.

AH! AN ADDRESS! THE HANGOUT OF THIS GANG



BENSON, IN THE CLOTHES OF THE STUNNED PLOTTER, STARTS OUT DISGUISED AS ONE OF VISHNIR'S HEAD MEN.

MR. BENSON, I WOULDN'T KNOW YOU.

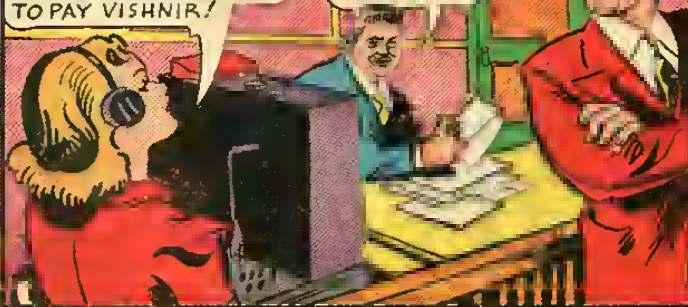
I'M SUPPOSED TO BE VOGG, ONE OF VISHNIR'S GANG. NOW I'M GOING PLACES.



DISGUISED IN THE CLOTHES OF THE STUNNED GANGSTER, BENSON WAS TAKEN FOR ONE OF VISHNIR'S PLOTTERS. OVERHEARING A PHONE CALL, HIS CASE WAS CLINCHED

THE CAPT. OF THE SUB. SAYS HE'S GOT THE CARGO OF DEATH POWDER, AND TO PAY VISHNIR!

YA! YA! DID THEY LOCATE BENSON?



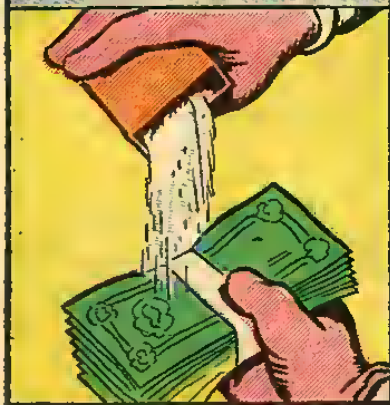
MICHALSON, KNOWING OF THE CRIMES OF VISHNIR, TRIES TO SHAKE HIM DOWN.

I WANT \$100,000. OR, I'LL TELL THE COPS!

THE BANK IS CLOSED NOW. I'LL GIVE IT TO YOU TOMORROW



THE \$100,000 GRAFT MONEY FOR MICHALSON IS SPRINKLED WITH THE "FROSTED DEATH" POWDER.



INTENT ON GETTING POSITIVE EVIDENCE AGAINST VISHNIR, BENSON IS FOUND IN THE ROOMS OF MICHALSON, THE BLACKMAILER.

WHO ARE YOU? WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE!!

I WANT YOU TO TELL ME ALL YOU KNOW ABOUT THIS SINISTER VISHNIR AND HIS PLOTTING!!



EVIDENCE OF DEATH POWDER TRAPS MICHALSON.

BENSON'S KNIFE FLEW DANGEROUSLY CLOSE TO MICHALSON'S EAR. IT HELPED SHORTEN THE ARGUMENT.

VISHNIR/VISHNIR! NEVER EVEN HEARD THE NAME BEFORE!

PERHAPS THIS WILL BRING BACK YOUR MEMORY!!



I TELL YOU I NEVER MET VISHNER!!

SO YOU NEVER MET VISHNIR? LOOK AT YOUR RIGHT HAND! VISHNIR PUT HIS DEATH POWDER ON YOU!!



MICHALSON, FEARFUL OF THE EFFECTS OF THE DEATH POWDER, QUICKLY THROWS AWAY THE \$100,000 GRAFT.

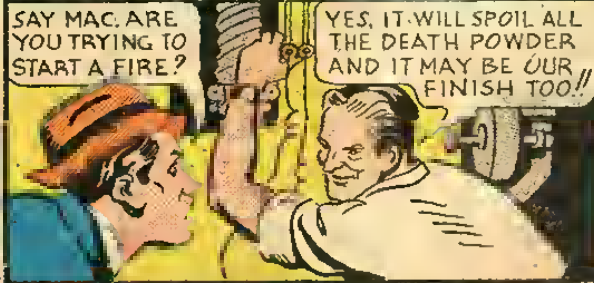
I'LL DIE! I'LL DIE!!



MAC AND JOSH ESCAPE FROM THEIR BONDS AND PLOT REVENGE ON THEIR SINISTER TORTURERS.

SAY MAC, ARE YOU TRYING TO START A FIRE?

YES, IT WILL SPOIL ALL THE DEATH POWDER AND IT MAY BE OUR FINISH TOO!!



A LITTLE LATER, A SHORT CIRCUIT STARTED A ROARING FIRE

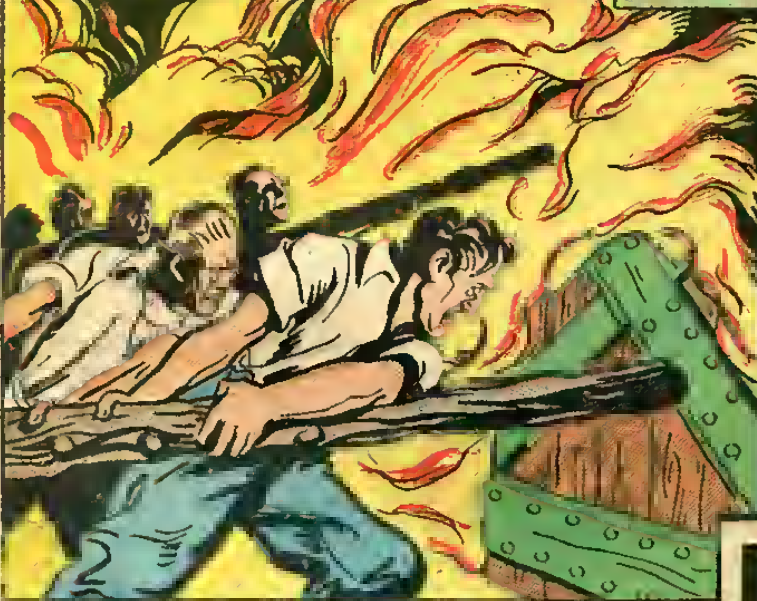


WE'RE LOCKED IN!
WE'LL BURN
TO DEATH!!

IT'S BETTER
THAN DYING
WITH THAT
TERRIBLE
POWDER!



THE TERRIFIED SLAVES OF VISHNIR, SMASH DOWN THE LOCKED DOOR, SAVING MAC AND JOSH FROM BEING ROASTED ALIVE



BENSON'S INVESTIGATION
BRINGS HIM TO SANGAMAN'S
HIDEOUT.

I'M NOT HERE TO
ARREST YOU
SANGAMAN. I JUST
WANT TO FIND
THE GUILTY ONE!

WELL I'VE BEEN
EXPECTING
THE POLICE! IF
YOU DON'T
WANT TO
ARREST ME,
WHAT DO YOU
WANT?



AFTER ALL THESE
STRANGE THINGS
YOU TELL ME, I'M
SURE VISHNIR IS
THE MURDERER!

VISHNIR!!
WHY?



...OLD TAYLOR'S MILLION
INSURANCE WAS TO GO TO
VISHNIR. SO HE KILLED
HIM WITH THE 'FROSTED
DEATH' POWDER!!

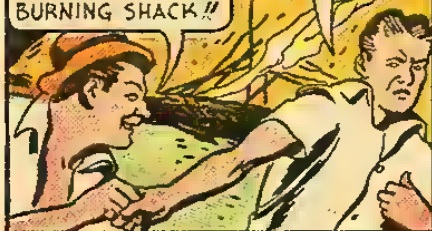
SO VISHNIR KILLED
BRAUN, TARGILL AND
TRIED TO KILL ME
AND MY DAUGHTER!



HAVING ESCAPED FROM THE JAWS OF DEATH, MAC AND JOSH START THE HUNT ANEW.

BOY! WERE WE LUCKY! WE FOUND THE CURE FOR THE DEATH POWDER AND ESCAPED FROM THE BURNING SHACK!!

YES! YES! COME ON, NOW TO GET THAT DOG VISHNIR!!



BENSON, STILL DISGUISED AS VOGG, MEETS THE FURIOUS CAPT. OF THE SUB, AND HIS BLOODTHIRSTY CREW.

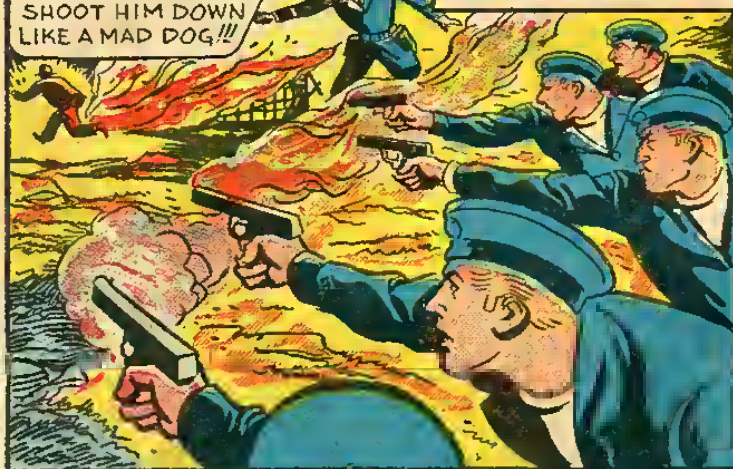
MOLAN VOGG, REPORTING, I'M OF THE NEW YORK ORGANIZATION, I HAVE A MESSAGE FROM HEADQUARTERS!

ACH! I KNOW NO VOGG!!

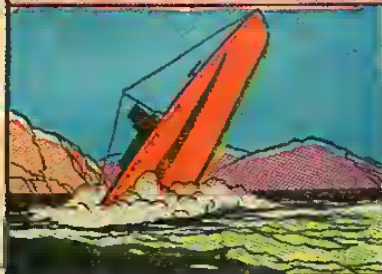
THIS LOOKS LIKE TROUBLE!



HE'S BENSON, AN ENEMY OF OUR COUNTRY!! MEN, KILL HIM! SHOOT HIM DOWN LIKE A MAD DOG!!!



BUT, BENSON ESCAPED ALIVE. HE SWAM OUT TO THE SUB, OPENED THE SEA COCKS, AND WITH A SPLASH, IT WENT TO THE BOTTOM.

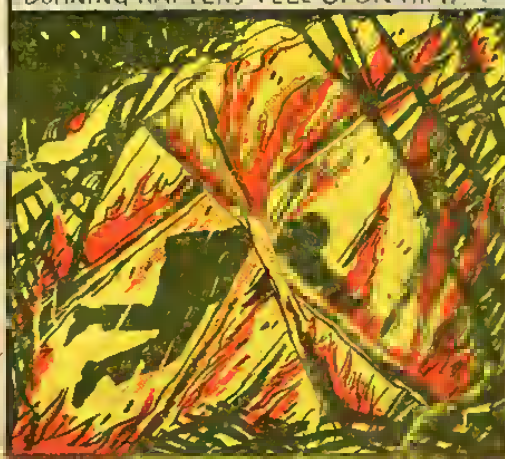


VISHNIR WAS DOSED WITH THE 'DEATH POWDER,' IN A FRENZY HE RAN INTO THE BURNING SHACK FOR SOME OF THE CURE, AND THE BURNING RAFTERS FELL UPON HIM.

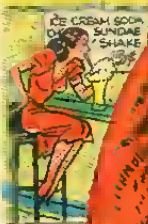
A SECRET RADIO TOLD VISHNIR OF THE SCUTTLING OF THE SUB WITH \$19,000,000 CARGO. HE HURRIED TO THE HIDEOUT, WHERE BENSON CORNERED HIM.

VOGG, THERE IS A PLOT TO ROB US, COME HIDE BEFORE THEY CATCH US!!

I'M BENSON YOU LOW DOWN CROOK! NOW HAND OVER THAT CURE YOU STOLE FROM MY MEN!!



SCREEN SCRAPBOOK



WHEN SHE CAME TO THE U.S.A. TO APPEAR IN 'HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME' SHE LIKED AMERICAN FOOD SO WELL --



MAUREEN O'HARA

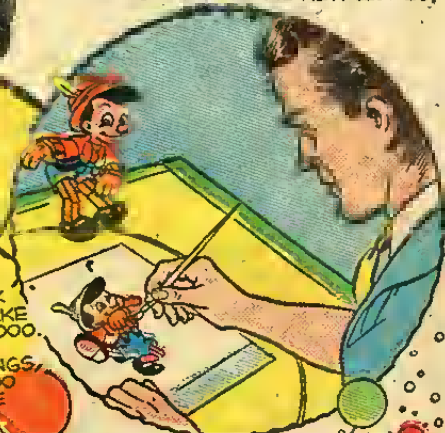
HAD TO WEAR SIZE 14 DRESSES INSTEAD OF 12, AFTER GETTING HER NEW WARDROBE, R.K.O. EMPLOYED A MASSEUSE WHO REDUCED HER TO A 12 AGAIN - NEEDING NEW CLOTHES!



DONALD CRISP

WHO PLAYS BENEVOLENT CHARACTER ROLES, WAS GIVEN FIVE MEDALS FOR BRAVERY WHILE IN THE BRITISH ARMY. HE STILL HAS BULLETS SOMEWHERE IN HIS BODY FROM THE BOER WAR.

'PINOCCHIO' TOOK TWO YEARS TO MAKE AND COST \$2,500,000. ARTISTS MADE 3,000,000 DRAWINGS, OF WHICH 500,000 ARE USED IN THE FINAL VERSION.



LANA TURNER

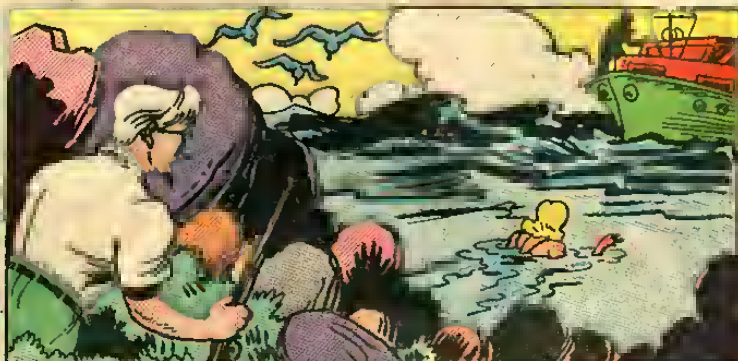
GOES DANCING THREE TIMES A WEEK FOR THE FUN OF IT, BUT REFUSES TO STUDY DANCING TO HELP HER SCREEN CAREER.

TERROR ISLAND

A
CARRIE CASHIN
SOLVE A CRIME
MYSTERY



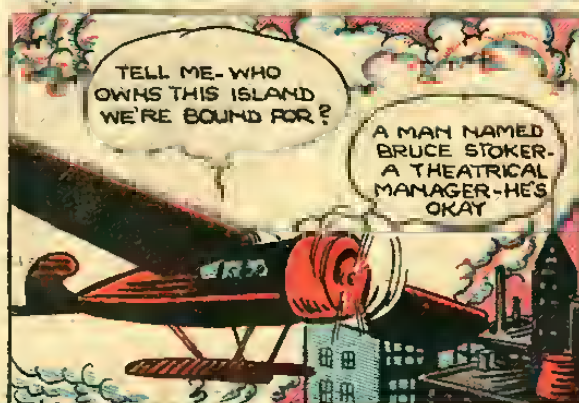
MARK PATTEN, ARTIST, LIVING IN A BUNGALOW ON A TINY ISLAND NEAR THE MAINE COAST ARRIVED HOME ONE EVENING AND FOUND A BLONDE IN A BATHING SUIT SEARCHING HIS STUDIO



AFTER SHOOTING AT HIM WITH AN UNDERWATER BLUE GUN SHE CARRIES OVER HER SHOULDER THE GIRL REJOINS HER POCK-MARKED COMPANION ON A FAST MOTOR-BOAT AND THEY SPEED AWAY. PATTEN, WORRIED THAT PERHAPS THEY'RE AFTER TWO PRICELESS HOMER MASTERPIECES WHICH HE HAS BEEN PERMITTED TO BORROW FROM THE MUSEUM TO STUDY DECIDES TO CALL IN THE FAMOUS GIRL DETECTIVE, CARRIE CASHIN, AND ALECK. HE FLIES IMMEDIATELY BACK TO TOWN

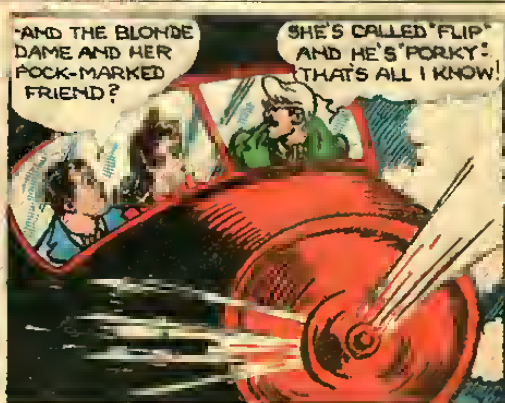
HM-M! SOUNDS INTERESTING-I'LL TAKE THE CASE-BUT FIRST I'LL GO HOME TO CHANGE

MISS CASHIN, WE'RE FLYING RIGHT BACK! EVEN NOW MY MASTERPIECES MAY BE GONE! THERE'S FLYING TIGS IN THE PLANE-



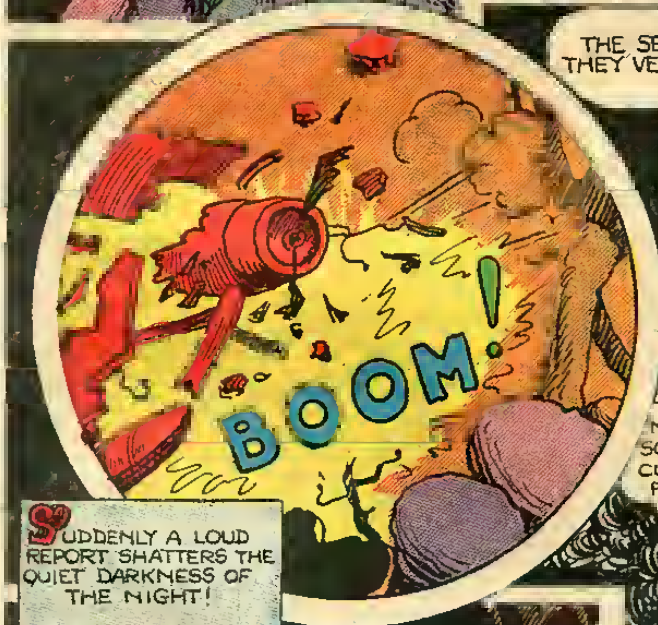
TELL ME-WHO OWNS THIS ISLAND WE'RE BOUND FOR?

A MAN NAMED BRUCE STOKER-A THEATRICAL MANAGER-HE'S OKAY



AND THE BLONDE DAME AND HER POCK-MARKED FRIEND?

SHE'S CALLED 'FLIP' AND HE'S 'PORKY'! THAT'S ALL I KNOW!



THE SEA PLANE!
THEY'VE DONE IT!



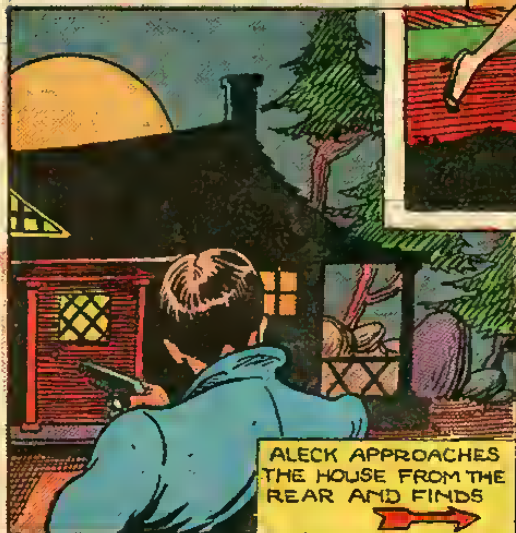
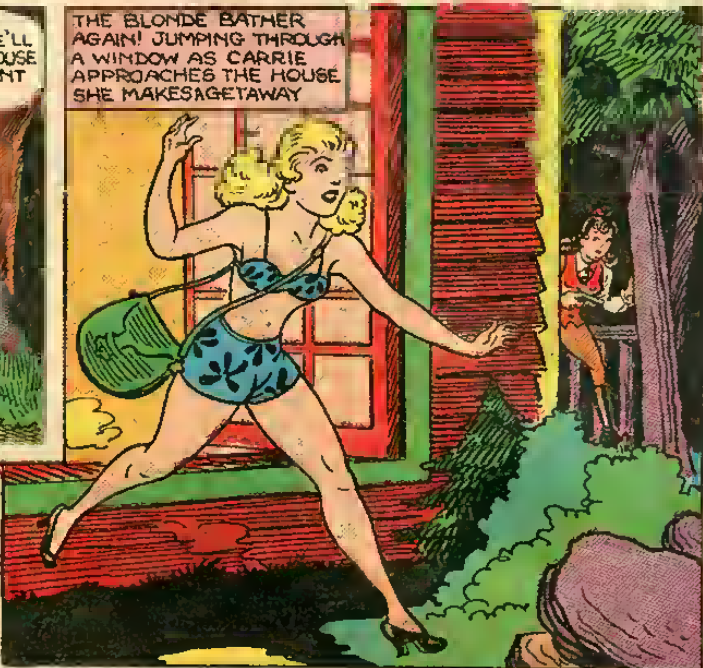
MY BEAUTIFUL PLANE!
SO NOW WE'RE COMPLETELY
CUT OFF FROM THE COAST!
PRISONERS ON THE
ISLAND!

THAT'S WHAT THE
IDEA WAS! THEY'RE
OFF IN THAT
MOTOR BOAT!





THE BLONDE BATHER AGAIN! JUMPING THROUGH A WINDOW AS CARRIE APPROACHES THE HOUSE SHE MAKES A GETAWAY



DON'T SHOOT!



WAIT A MOMENT! HE'S OKAY! IT'S MR. STOKER- HE OWNS THE ISLAND AND THIS BUNGALOW! WHAT BRINGS YOU HERE?

I RECEIVED THIS TELEGRAM FROM PATTEN TO COME RIGHT DOWN HERE- MUST BE A FAKE!



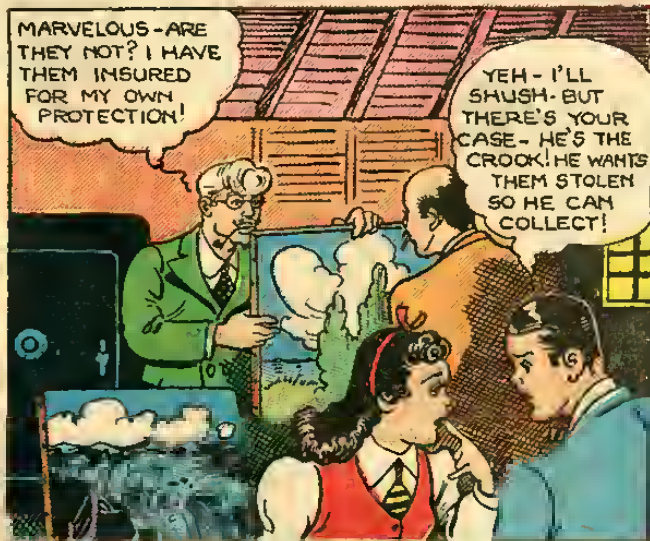
IT SAYS 'AM IN SERIOUS TROUBLE- STOP-NEED YOUR HELP- COME AT ONCE IF YOU WANT TO PROTECT YOUR OWNERSHIP OF ISLAND-PATTEN

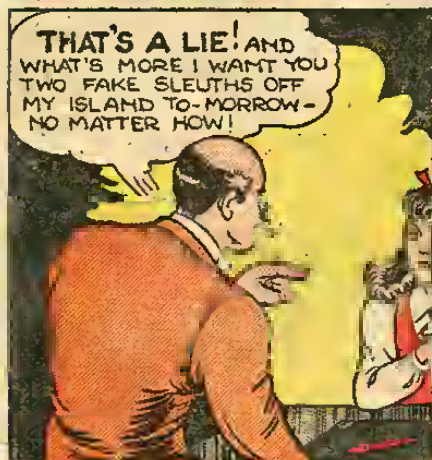
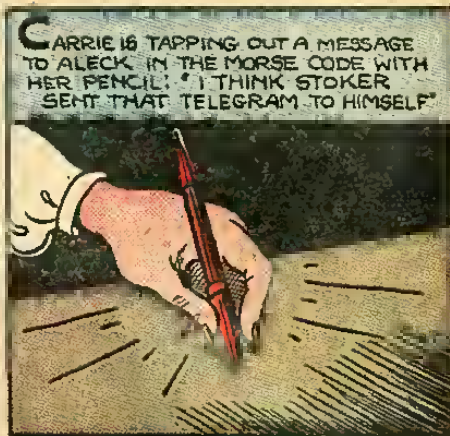
FILED AT EASTPORT, MAINE --- I NEVER SENT IT!

OKAY, SISTER!

MAKE A NOTE OF THAT, ALECK







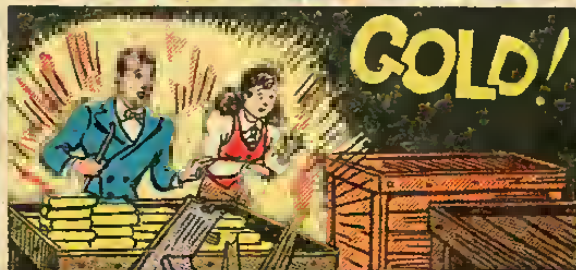
INSTEAD OF GOING TO BED CARRIE SIGNALS ALECK TO LEAVE HIS ROOM AND JOIN HER IN A SEARCH OF THE HOUSE

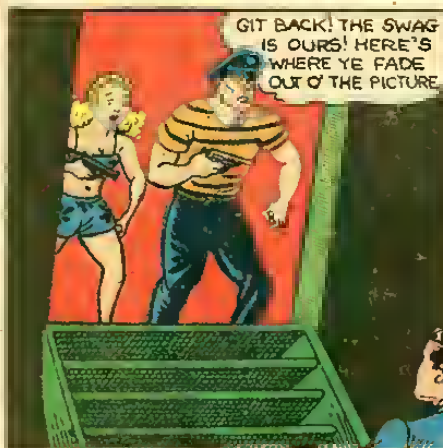


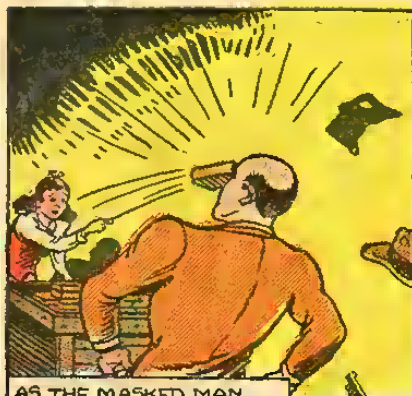
AS CARRIE PRESSES THE MOULDING A TRAP DOOR FLIES OPEN AND ALECK IS PLUNGED INTO A SECRET CELLAR FILLED WITH PACKING CASES



ALECK FORCES ONE OF THE LIDGES OPEN AND FINDS







AS THE MASKED MAN ADVANCES CARRIE PICKS UP A GOLD BAR AND HURLS IT AT HIM!



WHY IT'S BRUCE STOKER!

EXACTLY! EX COM MAN-EX A LOT OF THINGS-



INCLUDING TELEGRAPH OPERATOR FOR THE PUNARD LINE-SHIPPIERS OF THE BRITISH GOLD. HE DISAPPEARED AFTER THE ROBBERY!



QUICK-TIE HIM UP ALECK! THE COME OF QUICK! I'M WORRIED ABOUT PATTEN!



CHLOROFORM! I GOT TO HIM JUST IN TIME!



BUT THE MUSEUM'S PAINTINGS! ARE THEY SAFE? WHAT HAPPENED? WHERE'S MR. STOKER? SO YOU'VE CALLED THE POLICE



STOKER WAS THE BOSS OF A GANG OF CROOKS! HE SIMPLY BOUGHT THE ISLAND FOR A CACHE! YOU WERE A BLIND!

YOUR PAINTINGS ARE SAFE ON THE BOAT-WE STOLE THEM TO LURE YOU AWAY!



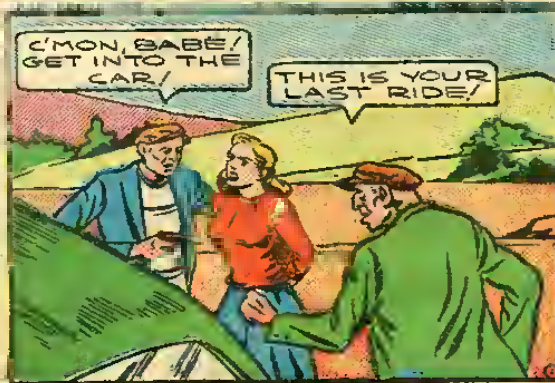
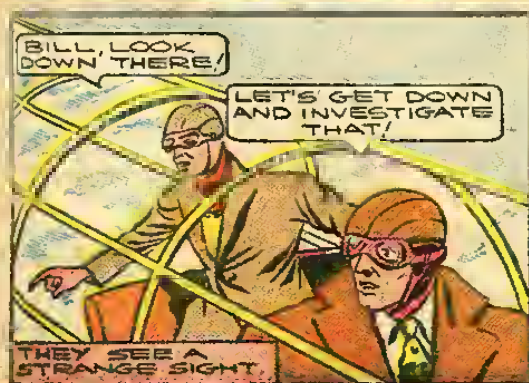
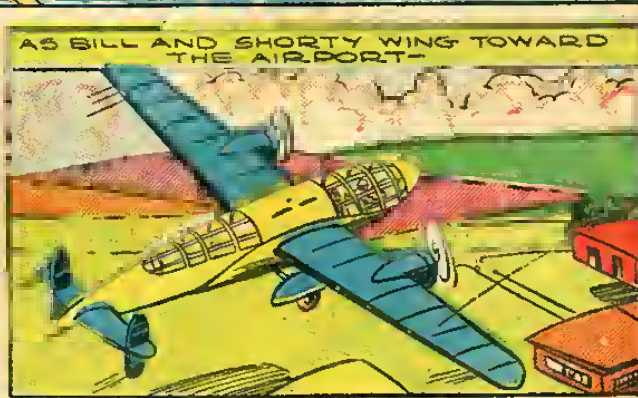
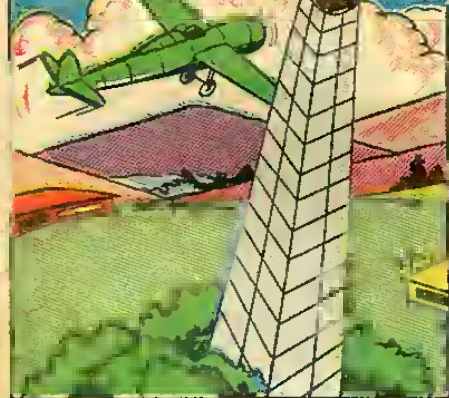
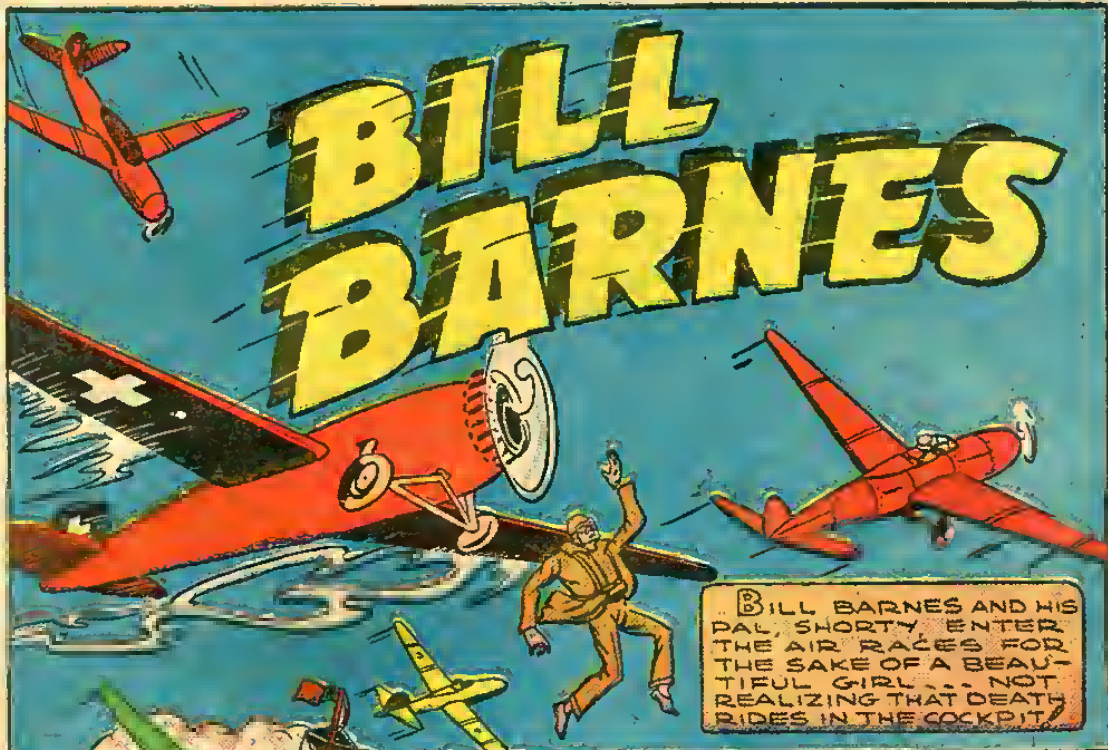
WELL, CARRIE-YOU'VE DONE IT AGAIN. BUT TELL ME-WHAT HAPPENED THAT MADE YOU DECIDE STOKER WAS THE GOLD ROBBERY CROOK?

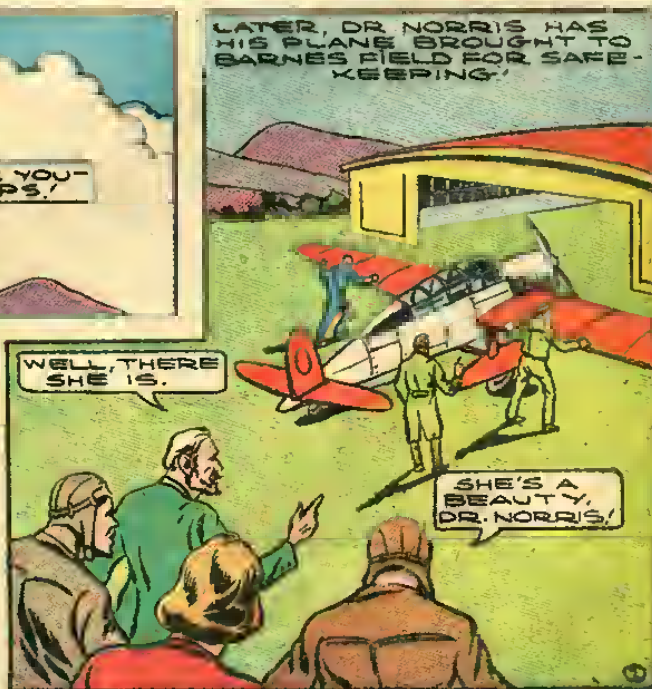
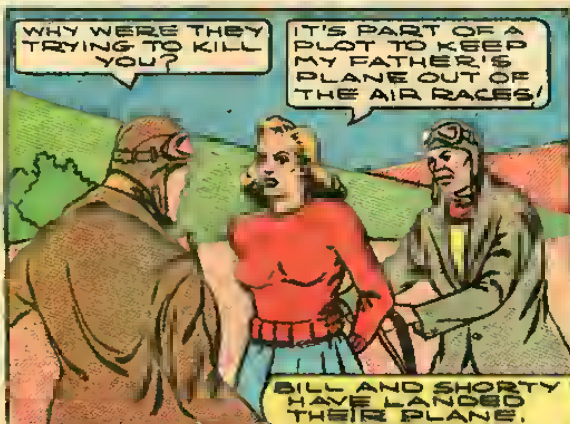
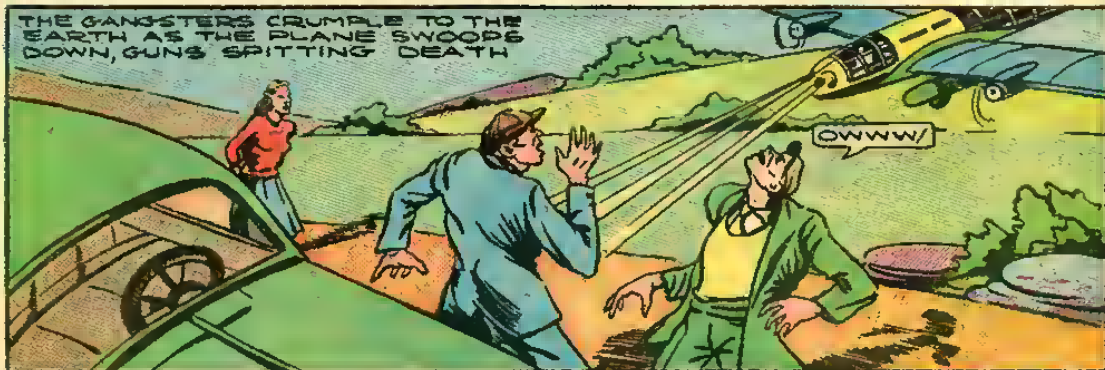
WHY ALECK-I'M SURPRISED-BUT IF YOU CAN'T FIGURE IT OUT-

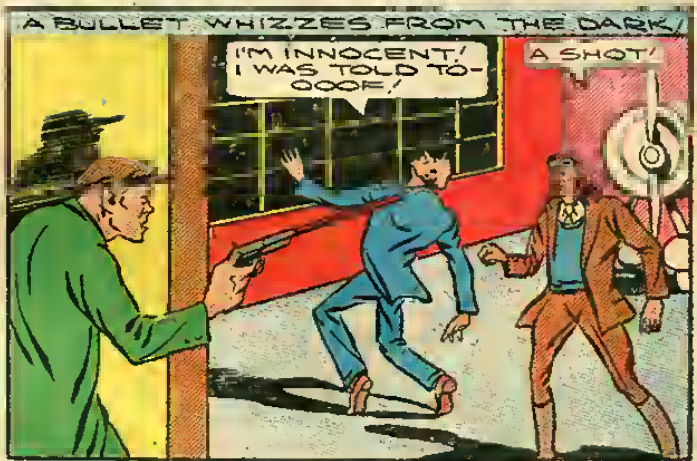
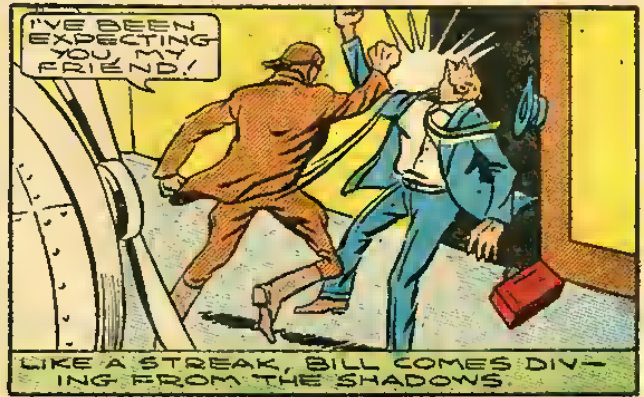
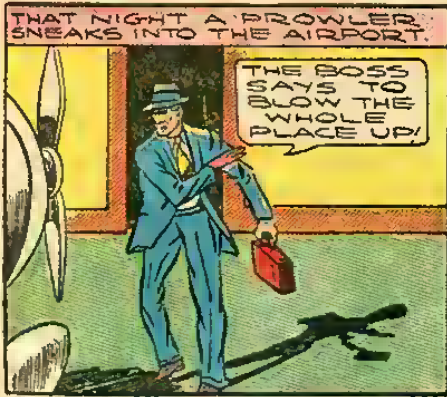


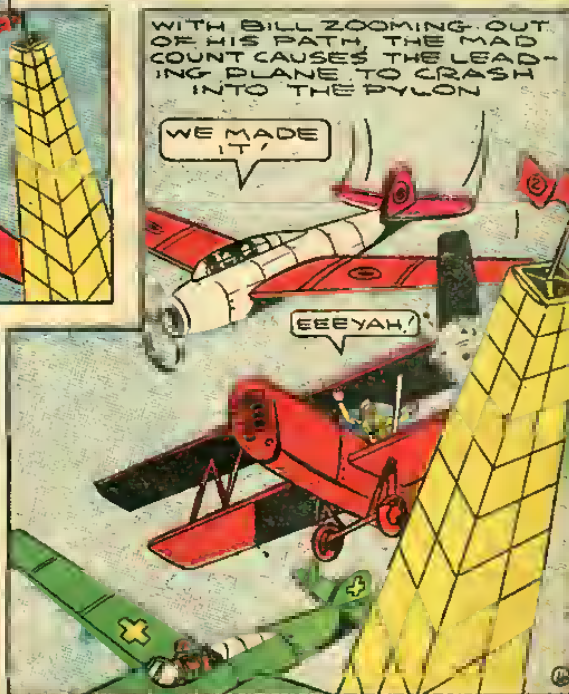
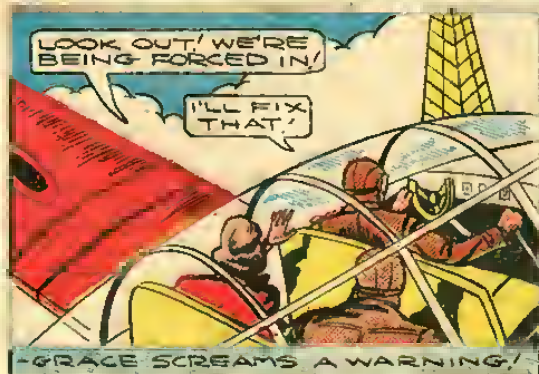
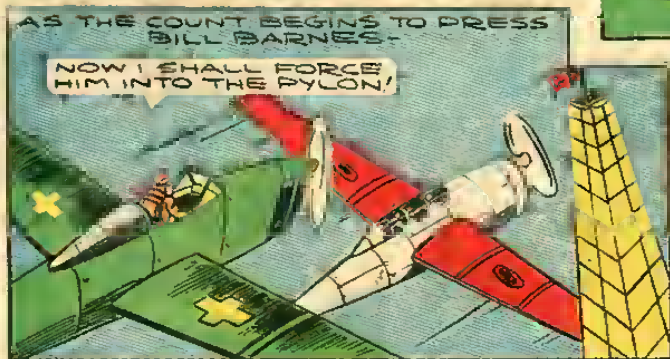
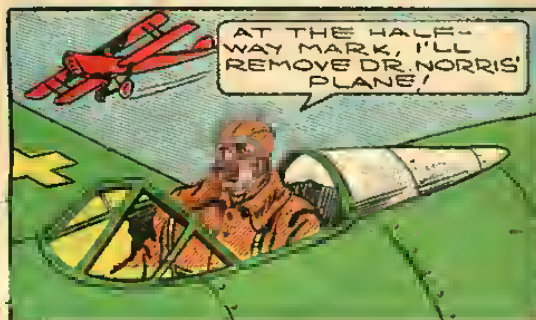
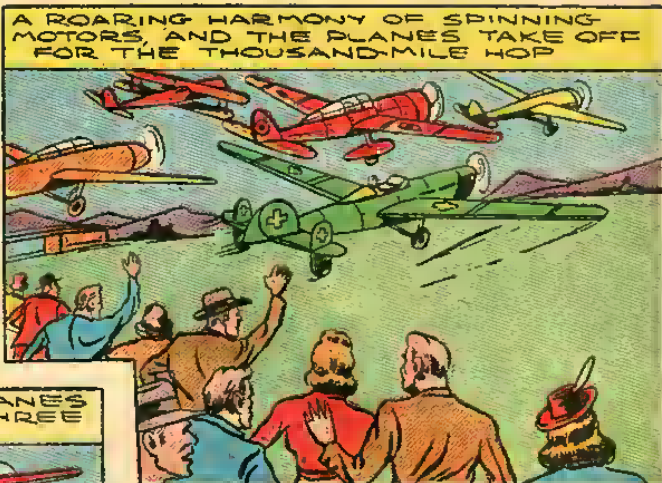
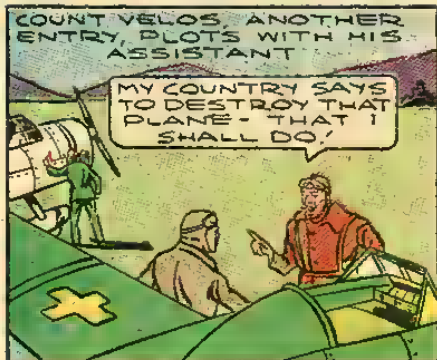
WHEN I TAPPED OUT THAT MORSE CODE STOKER READ IT. THE TELEGRAPH OPERATOR FOR THE PUNARD LINE WAS IMPLICATED IN THE ROBBERY.

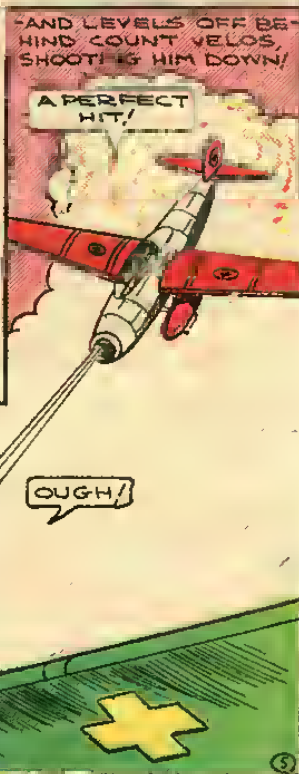
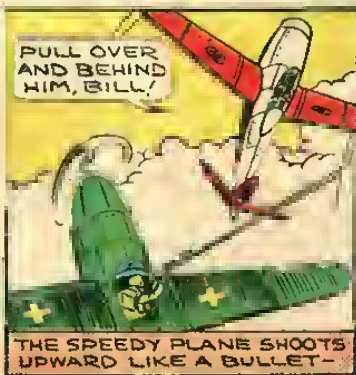
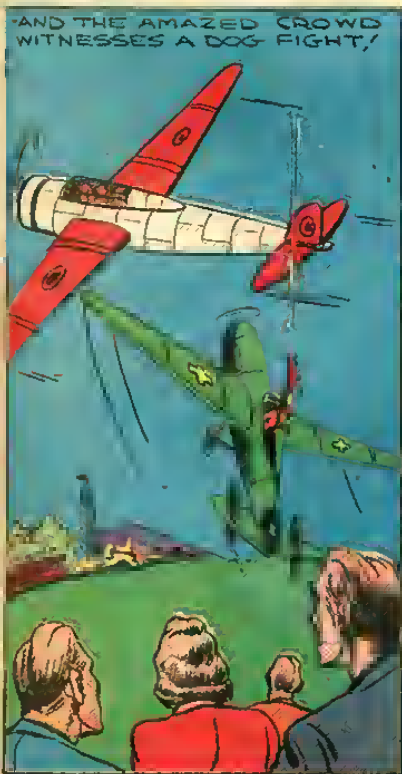
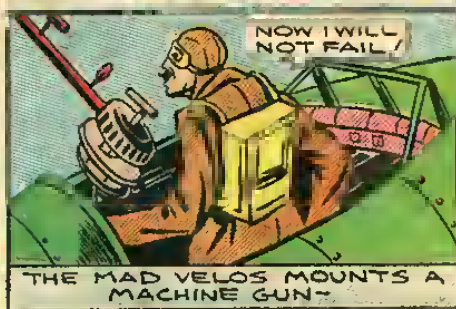
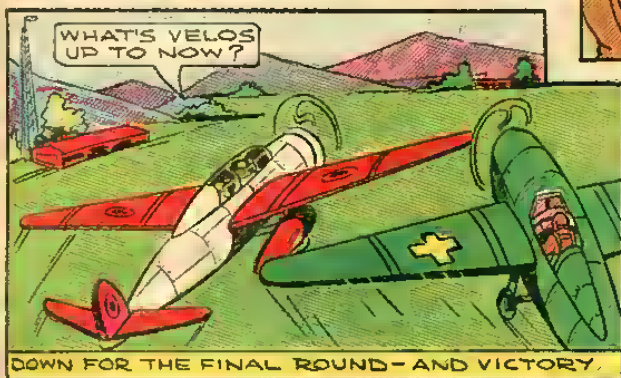
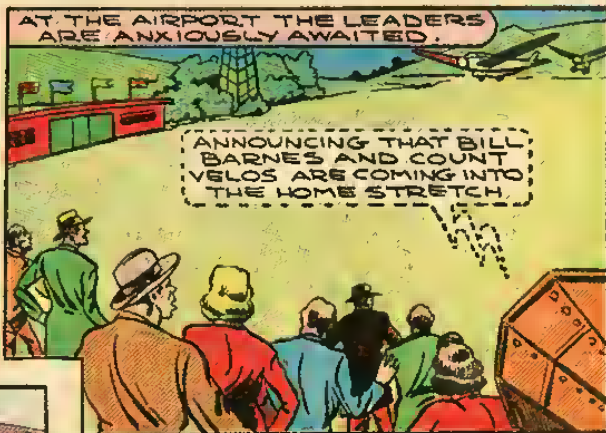
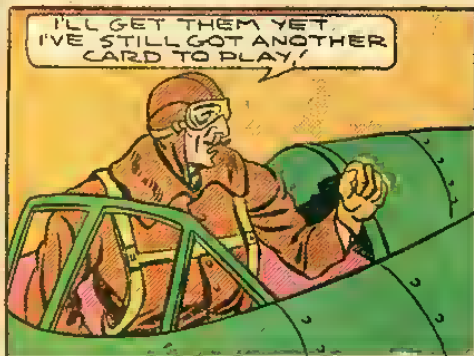
STOKER WAS THE LOGICAL MAN!

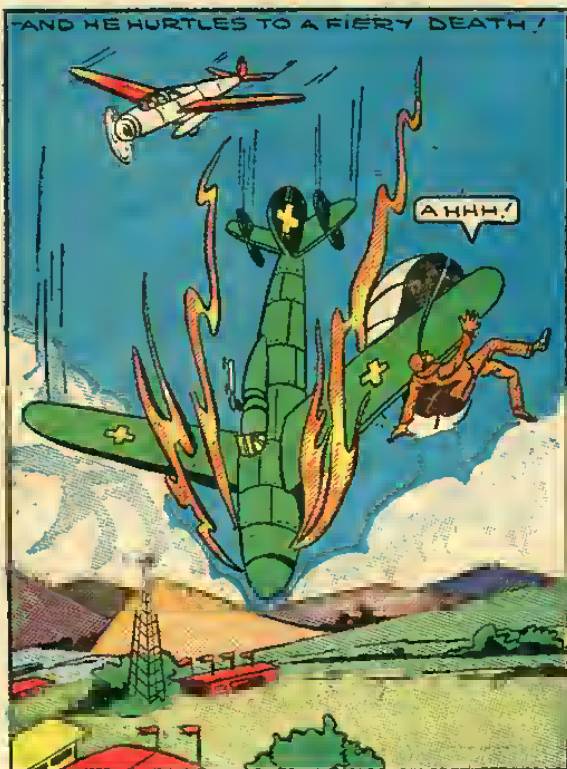
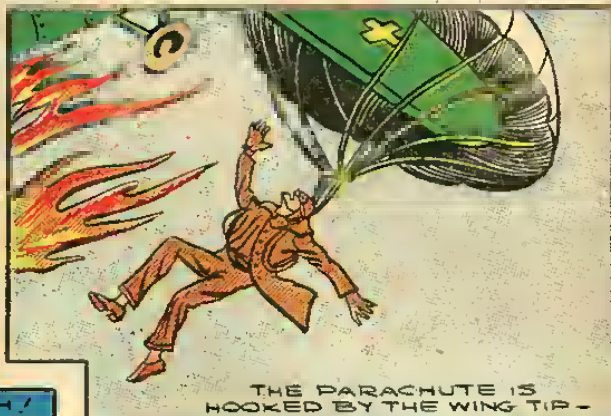
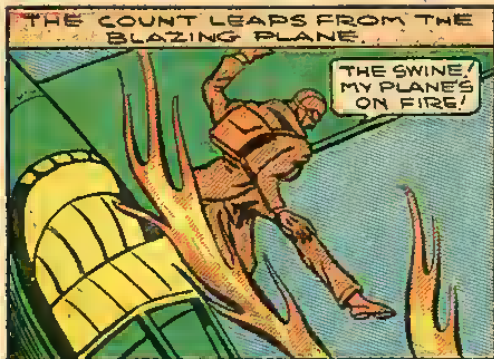












BILL AND SHORTY TAKE TO THE AIR AGAIN FOR MORE HAZARDOUS STunts IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF SHADOW COMICS.



Shown them, a dick produces the killer!

AUTOMATICALLY. Herb Hart drove the big Inter-city bus through the heavy downpour. He was grinning to himself, thinking about the chess tournament and how he planned to beat the pants off his old detective chum, Bill Rork.

A man who had been waiting in the rain sprang into the bus. "How far you going?" Herb asked without thinking.

"All the way."

"Then you'll have to transfer later. I go only as far as the Old Barracks. Here's your transfer ticket."

Soon he came to the Old Barracks. "It's the end," he sang out. "All out!"

"You're right, mister," growled the last passenger. "It's the end—for you. Shell out!"

A stinging sensation rified through his brain—and that was all.

DETECTIVE BILL RORK was waiting at the town hall for Herb Hart to arrive.

"Hey, Rork!" cried a man. "There's a call for you. Headquarters!"

Slowly, Bill ambled to the phone, almost reluctantly.

"Listen, Bill," said his boss, "Herb's dead—shot through the head!"

Roughly, the crime had been committed at eleven minutes after eight: twelve minutes before the second bus reached the Barracks.

"Well?" asked Cap Springer.

"Another stick-up, cap. I've been going over the day's take. Twenty-nine dollars and thirty cents was all Herb took in. This was a two-man job!"

Bill Rork compared the "In" column with the one marked "Out." His fingers flexed nervously on the metal puncher that had been looped to Herb's leather belt by a chain. Now it was time to act.

First, Rork stopped at Vic's Tavern. He motioned to Butts Newberry and Charlie Krauss, and took them into the back room for questioning.

Next he barged into Tony's joint. He lined up Johnny Rice, Al Whitey, Muggs MacGrath, three local "boys."

He ordered them to turn out their pockets. Rice balked, and Rork jolted him with a left.

He quit the joint and ducked into an alley and watched the front of Tony's dive.

When the man reached the light on the corner, Rork saw it was Johnny Rice. It was to be the tip-off!

Rice stopped at the corner, then charged up the flight of steps.

Rork followed noiselessly, slithered through the door and into the dimly lighted vestibule.

Rork tensed as he heard knuckles rapping hastily on the door, bringing a muffled query. Rice answered:

"Open up, Frankie! It's me —Johnny."

Flat against the wall, the detective heard the squeak of hinges as the door opened.

Going to it, Rork leaned an ear to the crack. Rice was talking.

"That dick Rork is out hunting again, Frankie. He had us dump our pockets on Tony's pool table. You ain't got nothing!"

That was all Rork cared to hear. His body smashed into the door.

"Get dressed, Frankie," said Rork simply. "The three of us are going to headquarters."

Rork wheeled to the closet and opened the door. One suit was hanging there. It was still



By MILTON LOWE

damp.

"No wonder I couldn't get the stick-up victims to give a good description of the punk who was pulling those jobs," Rork said tersely. "You and Frankie changed off. Tonight was Frankie's time at the gun end, while you were in the car. You drove him from the Old Barracks!"

Sweat rolled down the lanky hood's face, and he laughed shrilly. "We were in the pool-room until fifteen minutes ago! Then I came home to sleep—"

Rork snapped at him: "Stop lying! The Old Barracks is pretty far out of the way. The man who killed the bus driver, Herb Hart, couldn't walk here, and he didn't take the next bus. So he must have been picked up by an automobile right after the killing."

"That's all guesswork," Rice growled. "The guy who did the job might still be walking, for all I know."

Rork silenced him with a cold glare. "I went the rounds tonight, frisking all possible suspects. At the same time I felt their clothes and looked at their shoes. MacGrath, Whitey, Krass and Newberry had not been out in the rain for hours.

Their shoes and clothes were bone-dry. You and Frankie must have been out in the rain because your clothes and shoes prove it. And it stopped raining more than an hour ago!"

Slowly, he picked up the still damp trousers and began to go through the pockets.

"I'll call the station and get the captain and wagon up here

—for this paper proves you killed Herb Hart!"

When the captain came in Bill explained:

"Frankie got scared when I started to go through his trousers pockets. You see, captain, I checked Hart's records and day's 'take' carefully. I found out he had issued one transfer on his last trip—the fatal one."

The detective pointed a finger at the piece of yellow bus transfer in his hand.

"Each bus driver has his own transfer punch, and each of them differs. One driver punches a square, still another makes a triangle. Herb Hart always punched a blocked T."

"You couldn't have punched this ticket, Bill, because—" said the captain.

The detective finished the statement: "Because right this minute Herb Hart's transfer punch is down at headquarters, marked in evidence. You yourself brought it down there, Skipper. This is Frankie's ticket to the electric chair."



\$265



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11th to 20th PRIZE, EACH MONTH—A Comet Model Kit of the Cahill-Wakefield Championship Winner—Value \$1 Each

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